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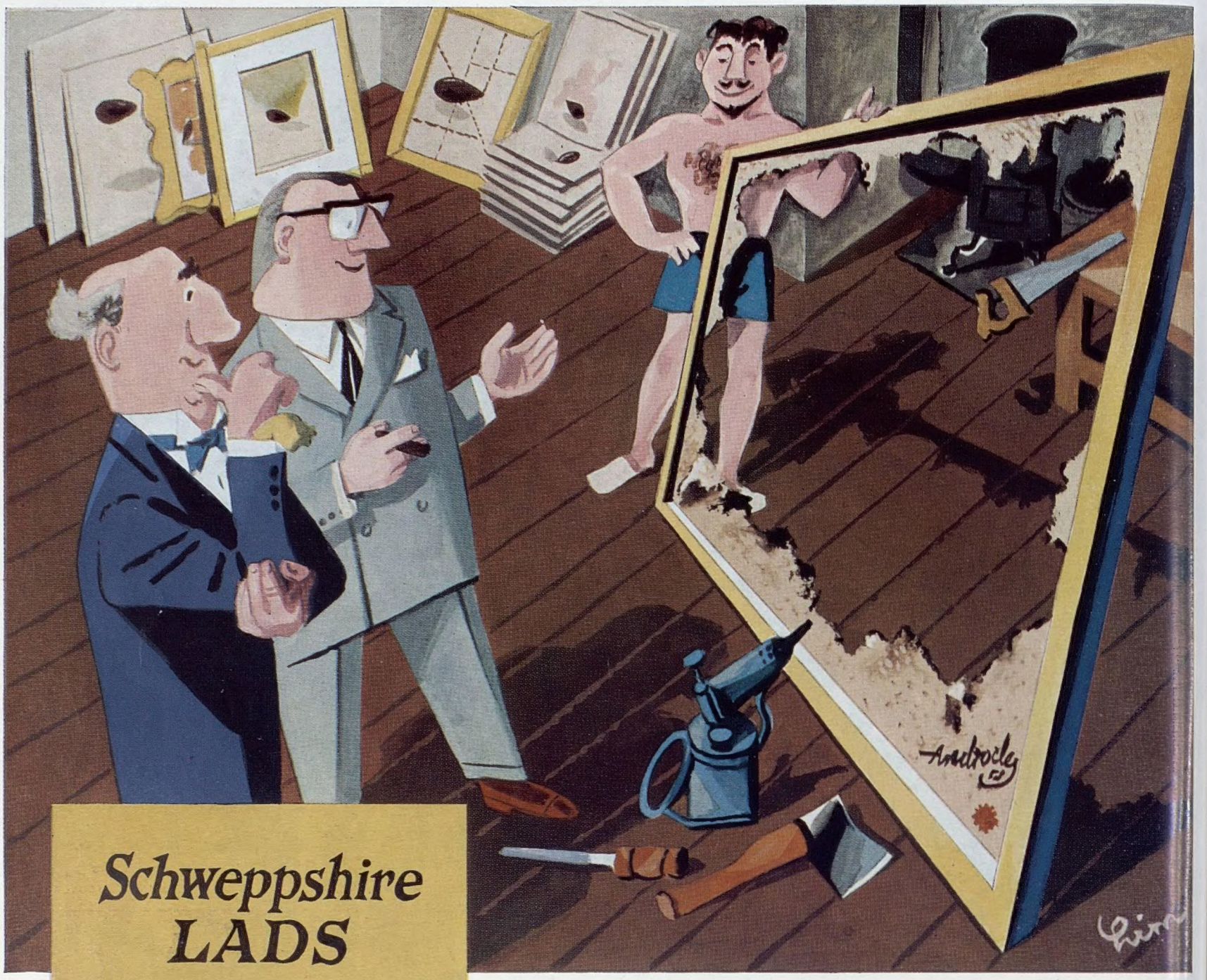

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Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

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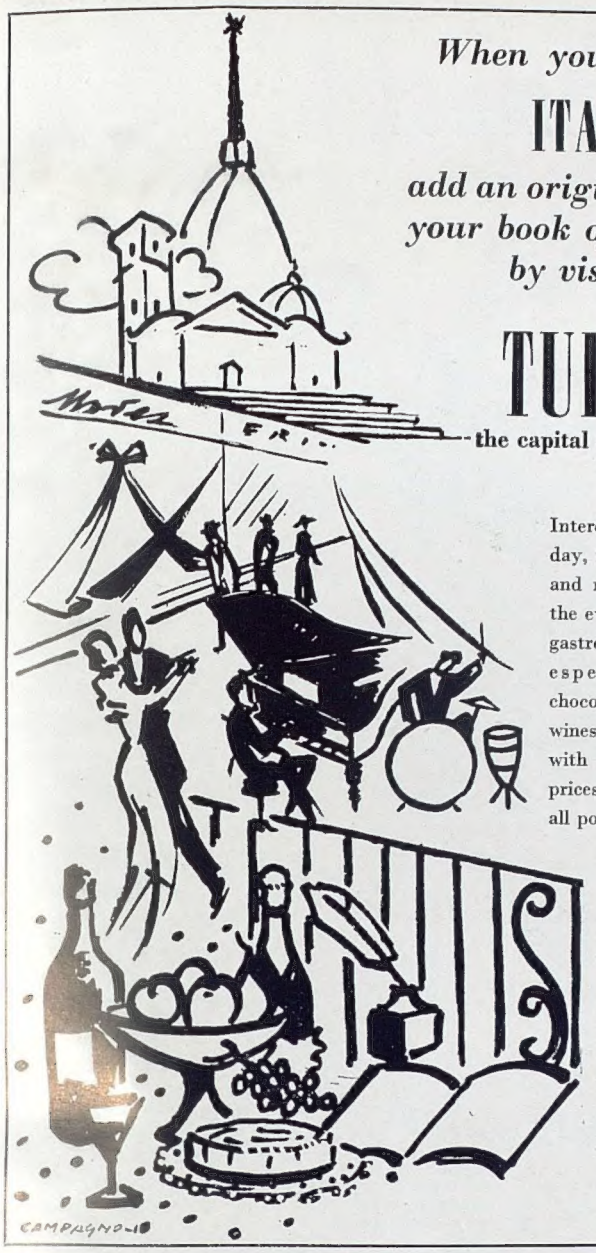

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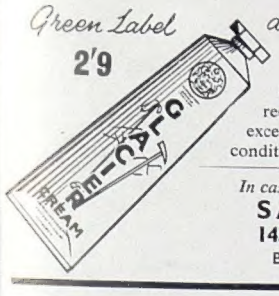

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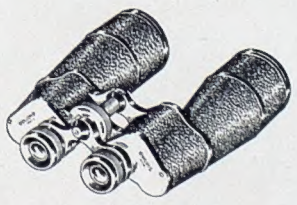

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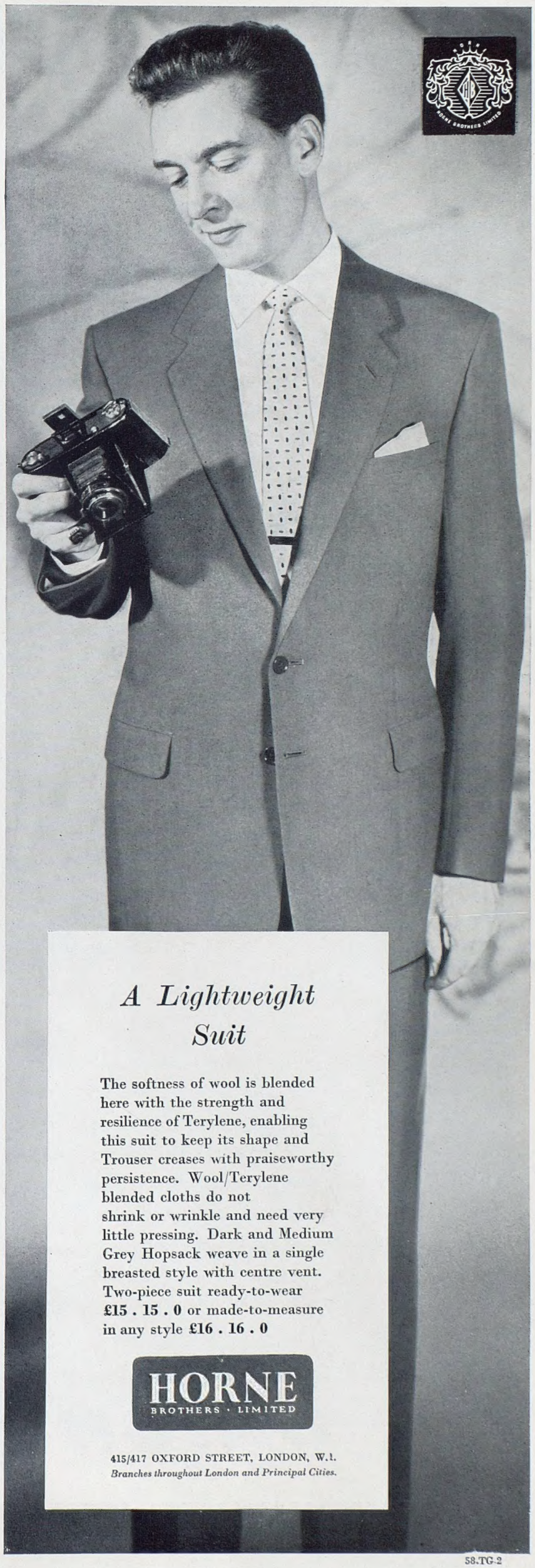

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Volume CCXXXIV No. 3042

The SPHERE, London, July 19, 1958

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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TWO KEY FIGURES IN THE LATEST CRISIS IN THE MIDDLE EAST—KING FEISAL OF IRAQ WITH HIS UNCLE, THE CROWN PRINCE ABDUL ILLAH : This picture was taken when they arrived in Britain for a State visit precisely two years ago. Last Monday the perpetual crisis in the Middle East appeared to have taken a most grave turn. Bagdad Radio announced that the King had been deposed and the Crown Prince killed as a result of a Republican *coup d'état* by Army officers.

It is now axiomatic that in attempting a *coup d'état* the first objective should be the local radio station. On Monday last the world was thrown into a state of alarm by reports from the Bagdad radio of a revolt in Iraq. It was stated that King Feisal, the twenty-three-year-old ruler and Head of State of the Iraqi-Jordanian Arab Union, had been deposed and that his uncle, the Crown Prince, and Nuri es-Said, Premier of the Arab Union, had been killed by revolutionaries. Political power, it was said, had been seized by a group of Army officers, who presumably were in control of radio communications from Iraq. During the next twenty-four hours the British Embassy in Bagdad was sacked and burnt, one member of the staff being shot dead. Nuri es-Said was reported to be alive and to have escaped from the revolutionaries, who were offering a large reward for his recapture. In London there was an emergency Cabinet meeting until far into the night and in Washington President Eisenhower conferred with leaders of both parties. In New York an emergency meeting of the Security Council was summoned on Tuesday morning to discuss the Middle East.

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THE QUEEN MOTHER AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL: She is welcomed by the Archbishop of Canterbury as she arrives to attend the Triennial Festival of the Royal School of Church Music. The festival took the form of Evensong sung by singers from parish, cathedral and school choirs affiliated to the R.S.C.M., with additional anthems and hymns. Many of the Bishops in London for the Lambeth Conference were present, and several of the Archbishops and presiding Bishops took part in the service at the Albert Hall.

ROYAL GARDEN PARTY: Princess Margaret stops to talk with two of the 8,000 guests at garden party at Buckingham Palace. The Queen Mother, who was also pres received the guests in the Queen's absence through illness. Before the garden p the Queen Mother received debutantes from the Commonwealth. On the day the party Princess Margaret left London for her tour of Canada. She is spending weeks in the province of British Columbia, which is observing its centenary this y

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Some Trends I Detest.—Our great sporting carnival is over, crammed into one not very sunny week of our usually brief summer, which has tardily begun. Before we revel in carnival again on this scale, what a lot of dirty and perhaps icy water will have run under the bridges. I suppose the weather in part accounts for the depressing fact that so far as I saw, very rarely was a smile seen on the faces of the protagonists in any event on cricket field, fairway, tennis court or river until the prizes were in their hands. I except the Swedes. Glum tennis players, anxious batsmen, tense golfers, grim oarsmen, they all took their pleasures sadly and conveyed their gloom and glumness to me. Yet what they were doing were once recreations. That is one of the modern trends I detest. And another is a TV feature called *Frankly Speaking*. This seems to me *frankly* a self-boost designed to catch and benefit, with an eye on sales publicity, the middle-cut in all professions. The chosen person faces a panel of flatterers and *frankly* (with mock modesty) confesses to a few million listeners his reflections on this and that and reveals the steps that led to his moderate success in life, from the nursery onwards. Somehow I can't imagine a first-rater submitting to such a publicity indignity. This TV feature is, therefore, a confession of mediocrity. That is the second trend I detest. And the third is the present fashion of bad manners and ill-temper which suggests that the cosmos of too many people all over the world is all Ego, swollen to mammoth size. That is the third trend I detest. I wonder if some common factor links up and accounts for all three. Is it possible that human beings to-day take themselves too seriously, striding their narrow world like a Colossus, and see themselves so big and important that the importance of what they say or do—be it playing games, writing books, playing politics or what not—is itself so exaggerated that it obscures their sense of proportion, sense of humour, good manners and natural modesty? Have they all forgotten that two or three years after their deaths their very names will be forgotten? Our fathers, at any rate, were less prone to forget that sombre fact and in consequence played games for fun and thought self-boasting vulgar.

The Dockers and Strikes.—We welcomed the setting up of a committee of investigation by the Minister of Labour into the recent unofficial strike by Smithfield lorry drivers. As we remember, it spread to the docks—a major unofficial strike—which has already resulted in the disuse of London Docks by a unit of a Danish shipping firm. The finding is clear enough. Allowing for minor faults, delays and irritations on one side or another, the Smithfield stoppage was a flagrant violation of the constitution of the joint industrial council for the meat-carriers. The dockers joined in, and the docks were brought near a standstill. And now we learn that the danger of a national dock strike looms up. The dockers are determined to get a general pay increase, though their claim has been twice rejected. They got a pay increase of 5 per cent. in May 1957. The basic minimum wage—work or no—is £8 2s. 3d. for a five-and-a-half-day week. What the average docker earns is much more, sometimes twice as much. Their main grievan that recent increases of 3 or 4 per cent. have been conc in other industries. It is the old story of the labour the vineyard. The dockers' "penny a day" can't be than £400 a year plus, and is often at the rate of £ year. With this difference from the parable of the yard:—The vineyard would need labourers again year. The docks, after a national strike, are quite to find themselves much less busy. The London D are not popular with foreign shippers. There is no cer about them any longer. Thus the dockers and workers chatter about their jealousies and griev even as they saw-off the branch they sit on, and th none to show them any good sense. What worlds from the "tanner an hour" dock strike of 1888 in Sydney Holland warned the dockers of what they to lose by not playing fair with their employers and le their ears to every baseless rumour of injustice rais agitators.

Cousins Again.—The vagueness and patch of the London bus strike settlement required only days to be made apparent. "The country busmen not long to be left in an unfavourable position com with other staff in the services or comparable elsewhere." A tortured phraseology—anything to settlement *pro tem*. To Mr. Cousins, it meant som very near the 8s. 6d. long given to the Londoners Sir John Elliot it meant (he said so at the time) th would see what could be done. The strike was for all concerned. The Union lost its nest-egg, th their pay and nothing new to compensate for the lo bus services, already on the decline, lost more custo the public foot the bill in more senses than one. Th of the strike, the benefits granted, and to come, men can only be paid for out of economies or the purse. Unless those economies and improvemen soon in force, we know who will pay and in what o first the taxpayer and then the busmen. If Mr. C has learned no lessons from the London strike, if h not recognise the vital necessity for hastening the reor tion of a declining industry, then neither he nor th who support him will be persuaded, though one ros the dead. In fact, Mr. Cousins is to enjoy a re after his labours; but his soul goes marching o his Union sprawls over too many industries the nation.

Ramsay MacDonald in 1931.—Th comes out at last, but, in controversial politics, usua late in the day. That is one reason why a d political biography is hard to attain under a h years. A new book by Mr. R. Bassett conv enough whitewashes Mr. MacDonald of some stains on his political character smeared on h

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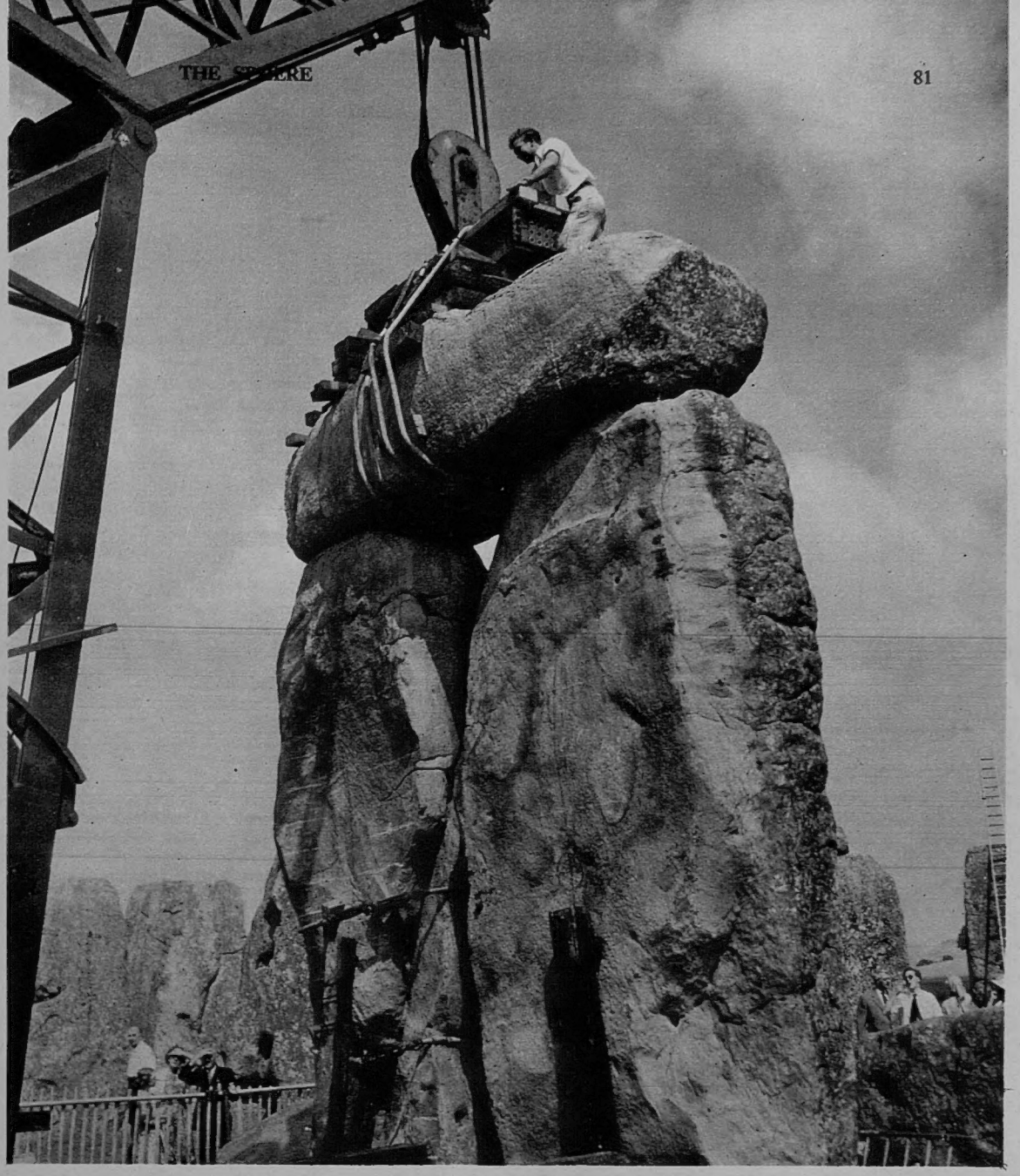
extremists who have called him a traitor. In the crisis of 1931, he did not betray the Constitution. He acted in a perfectly constitutional way. He did not "throw himself on the mercy of King George V when defeated by his own Labour Cabinet" nor did the King invite him to "keep his job and form a National Government." On the contrary, MacDonald approached the King with the full approval of a majority of his Cabinet, told him he could not continue in office without the help of other parties and advised that the then leaders of the Conservative and Liberal parties should be consulted. That advice was constitutional and the King constitutionally took that advice, with the result known. Actually Mr. Bassett's exposure of this myth is not quite a bombshell. Sir H. Nicolson, in his *King George V*, did not perpetuate it, and I am glad to recall that in my *Personal Memoir* of George V (page 411) it was fairly exploded by a memorandum supplied me by Lord Samuel in 1940 (and previously published) in which, in defending the King from unconstitutional action on that occasion, he acquitted MacDonald at the same time. But MacDonald is still a controversial character in politics and, with such, whitewash has not the adhesive qualities of mud.

Dr. Fisher's Apology.—The more a man is compelled by his job to spill words, the greater is the danger that he will have to eat them. Dr. Fisher must *ex officio* for ever be talking and perhaps a facility for talking amusingly may encourage him. Ex-schoolmasters, of course, come to take word-spilling in their stride. Their training has made it an ineradicable habit. I commented only last week on Dr. Fisher's now famous TV interview and remarked how closely-reasoned was his defence of his action in inviting Makarios to the Lambeth Conference. But in that interview, the brain-washing machine of TV interviewing extracted from him the admission that he, too, thought Makarios a thoroughly bad character. This admission raised a storm. It is a Christian duty to eat humble pie and bite the dust when detected in a peccadillo. Dr. Fisher bit the dust with a vengeance, and his telegraphic palinode to the leaders of the Greek Orthodox Church was certainly not clear-cut or even dignified. In agreeing that Makarios was a thoroughly bad character, he there and then announced that the words complained of made no reflection on Makarios' high office which the Archbishop highly honoured, nor on Makarios' personal character. The phrase referred to "certain political aspects." Lame? It seemed to me that the Archbishop had done better to say nothing at all, or to blame it on the shocking dangers of TV interviews of public men. Another Fisher had a maxim: *never explain, never apologise*. In this instance, at any rate, the Admiral would have come better out of it than the Archbishop.



THE LAST STONE IN POSITION: Weighing 18 tons, a huge lintel-stone is replaced at Stonehenge on top of stones 57 and 58. These were recently re-erected and the positioning of the lintel-stone marks the completion of four months' work. The trilithon is more than 30 ft. high and stands out because of its light yellow colour.

Oliver Cromwell Tercentenary.—Was "Peterborough" of the *Daily Telegraph* caught napping when he wrote that the tercentenary of Cromwell's death falls on July 28? I thought he ended his stormy life on that stormy morrow of the Great Gale of September 2, 1658—to wit, September 3, 1658. But the year is right and Huntingdon worthies are collecting exhibits for a memorial exhibition. Broughton Castle is a rich source. The great house still smells of Cromwellian times and confabulations, and Lord and Lady Saye and Sele are admirable showmen. I think they have his leather-jerkin *inter alia*. The Ashmolean can send a lot, and Sidney Sussex College lend his armchair; publicity should produce quite a number of relics, authentic or not so authentic, laid away in country houses. If the Archivist of Huntingdon is interested, I could put him on to the owner of what I believe is the only surviving oil painting of John Pym, though prints exist of other paintings. And what about Cromwell's skull? One or two of them certainly exist in private hands and I was hearing about the more authentic only the other day. Skulls of great or famous persons are not, of course, as common as their personal relics, snuff-boxes, dirks, petticoats, claymores, and what not, but a skull or two of Cromwell would greatly add to the interest of the exhibition. As for documents, I suppose the House of Lords could furnish a roomful of exhibits.

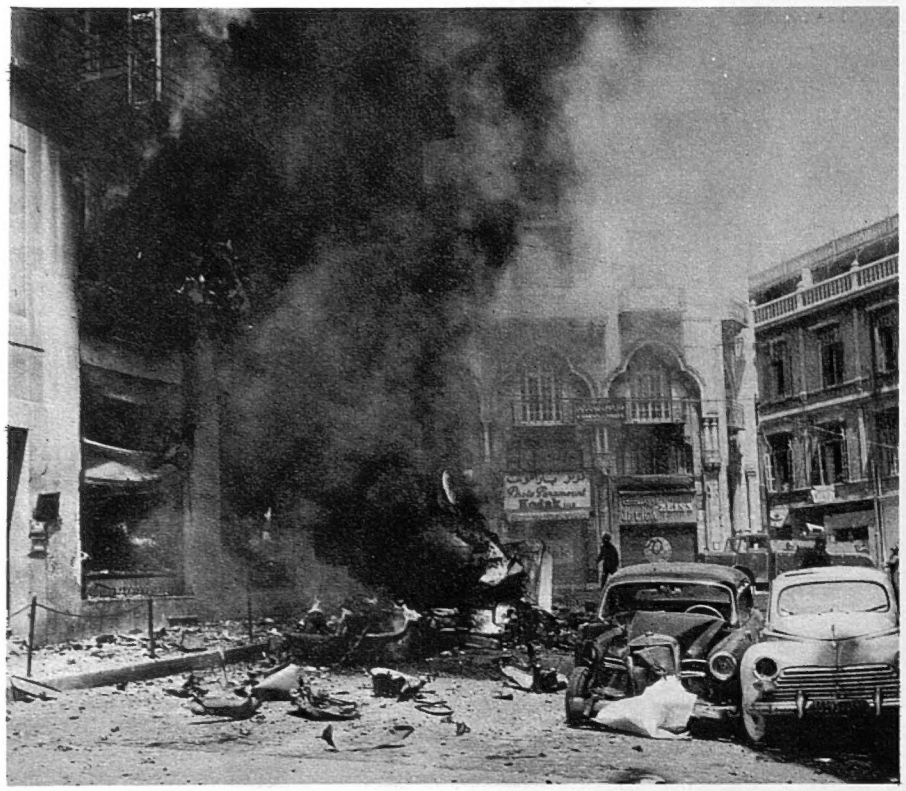
WINSTON CHURCHILL OPENS THE GARDEN OF HIS HOME IN KENT: Visitors stroll through the grounds of Chartwell, which had been opened to the public by Sir Winston and Lady Churchill on behalf of the Y.W.C.A. Earlier in the year they had opened their garden to help the funds of two local churches.

Holmes: Fact or Fiction?—A Swiss court of law, in non-suiting Conan Doyle's heirs in an infringement of copyright action, have made it once more clear that people can't have it both ways in life. A Swiss writer used the characters of Holmes and Watson in a play and composed a dialogue for them. The copyright holders claimed that Holmes and Watson were "original creations" and that the playwright had infringed their copyright. Holmes and Watson undoubtedly were "original creations" (even if Doyle built them up from originals known to him in life). But the glory of Holmes (and Doyle) has been manifest in the gradual absorption of Holmes into humanity. He has become a British worthy and Doyle's heirs have cashed in on that, well satisfied that letters still come to S. Holmes, Esq., in Baker Street. Holmes is as much an Englishman, now dead, as Wilkes or Brummell. This has helped sales, "as easy as a piece of cake." But you can't eat your cake and have it all to yourself. When your fictional character leaps from a book into real life and history, you must share him with others. No one sued Doyle for too constantly dragging in Napoleon in his *Gerard* adventures. All this is no doubt disturbing to authors. When does a character of fiction become a character of fact? I can imagine that Mrs. Thirkell was trembling in her shoes before the Swiss verdict. She has pinched Barsetshire from Trollope, who put it on the map as an English county, with a claim hardly less strong than Alaska now has to be a State of the Union.

Work for the W.H.O.—The World Health Organisation has announced its intention to study closely the results obtained from Canterbury's "kill-flies" week which started on July 14. This should stimulate the Kentish swatters and I hope impress them with the need for meticulous care in counting victims. If a single swatter exaggerates his bag by even two flies, the sum total may be greatly exaggerated and the work of the World Health Organisation scientists will be wasted and their findings inaccurate. Each swatter should collect and keep his bag and submit it to scrutiny. "Runners" must not be claimed, since the chance of recovery in a wounded fly cannot be ruled out. The eyes of Europe are on Canterbury during the Lambeth Conference and the "fly-week" and I earnestly hope that Canterbury will realise its responsibilities. At the moment, it is true, the vast majority of this disease-bearing pest, now resident in our island, are living in my 20 acres of bracken, but an over-spill may have found their way to Kent. If the World Health Organisation would care to send observers to my house, I will do what I can to accommodate them.

"Time and Tide."—I am glad indeed that *Time and Tide*, after months of uncertainty, has been able to announce that its continuance is assured for some time to come. It speaks well for its merits that continuance has been made possible by the support of its readers and advertisers. An independent weekly is not among the first organs of the Press which one would wish to see retrenched. It is among the last. For it grows harder and harder to find the source of independent views and honest opinions not hedged about by ulterior motives or restrictions. There is nothing so refreshing to-day as to read opinions which are not quite patently tinged with policy hates or watered down by commercial considerations. Where one finds them, one compares them with an honest book review, also too rare, in writing which the reviewer has neither lent weight to the author's reputation nor considered the publisher's advertising contract, if he honestly found grounds for sharp criticism. I enjoy *Time and Tide's* regular features and its format and I should not regard it as expensive if it cost 1s. 6d.

THE OLD STAGER



A BOMB EXPLOSION IN BEIRUT: Smoke rises from a burning vehicle in the capital of Lebanon. Explosives in a lorry delivering soft drinks set fire to a department store and caused the deaths of six people. Twenty others were injured.

AT THE BARRICADES IN TRIPOLI: Rebels keep watch from a position in the Old Q of the town in Lebanon. Some of them are armed with up-to-date types of In the fighting Government troops had pressed hard against the rebels, forcing back to prepared positions.

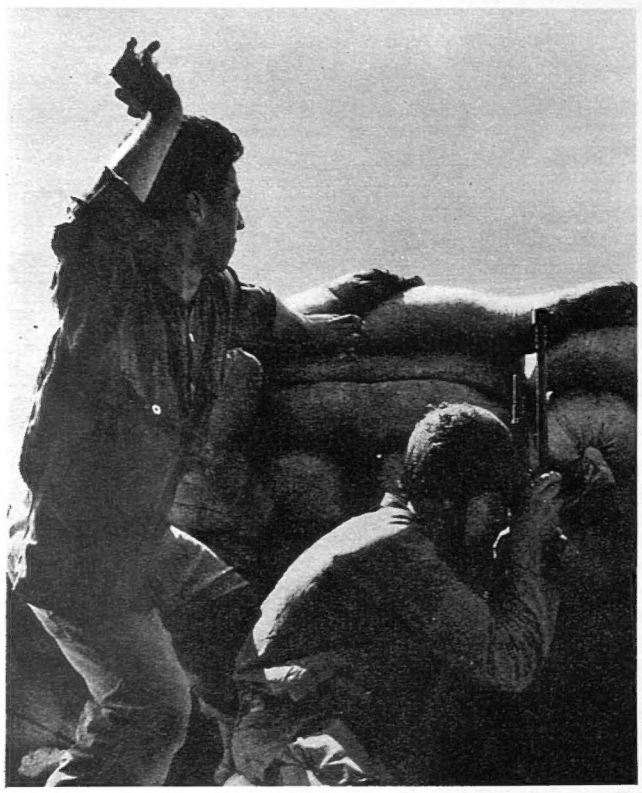
this week it was difficult to what the attitude of the rebels in L would be towards the possible ment of President Chamoun a election of his successor. Accord statements from some of their they would not agree to a cea in the civil war unless M. Ch gave up his office immedi

STRIFE AN CONTROL LEBANON

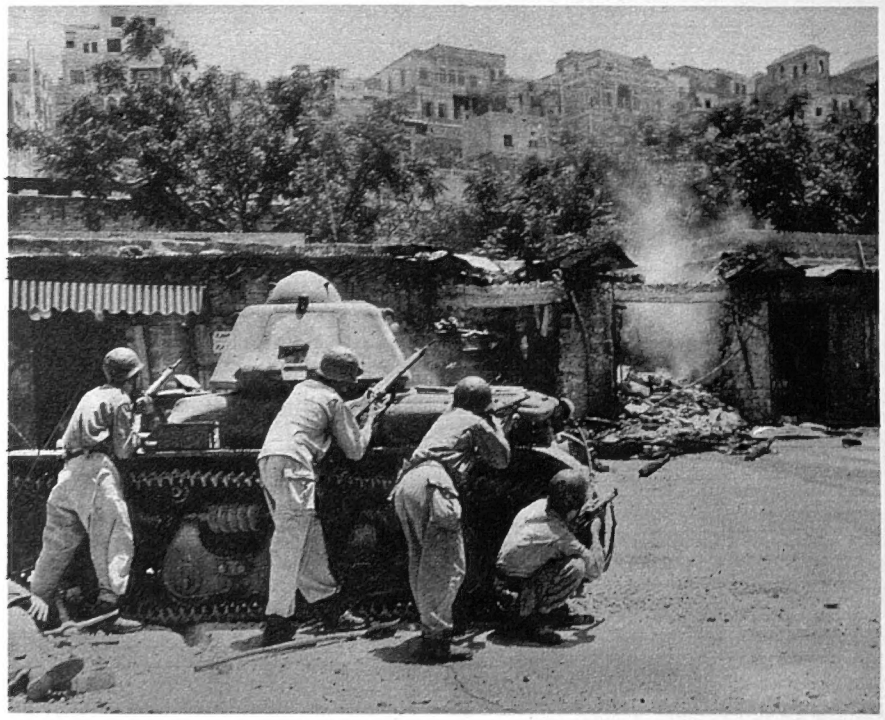
Government and Rebel T in Action; Observers United Nations at W

On left—

UNDER FIRE: Men of a Gover unit run forward to find in their assault on Ainab. A strong rebel defensive fir attacking commanders em mortars and tanks befor rebels were finally de A number of prisoners was



ACTION FROM A ROOFTOP: A Government soldier stands to throw a grenade while his comrade takes cover. The sandbagged shelter was on the top of a six-storey building in Tripoli.



ADVANCE IN TRIPOLI: A small tank provides cover for Government infantrymen moving against rebel positions. Beyond them a shack burns from a direct hit. The high buildings on the slopes above offered numerous sound defensive positions to the rebels.

AWAY FROM IT ALL—A CONTRAST FROM THE CIVIL WAR IN LEBANON: Men and wom bathe and relax by the coast. A feature of the civil war has been the which some sections of the inhabitants have been able to carry on their norm

UNITED NATIONS OBSERVERS OUTLINE THEIR ACTIVITIES: At the U.N. out-station at Chtaura, Colonel Molesward, of Sweden, indicates to a Press conference the positions on the map where the section is operating. Standing with him is another observer, Captain Stromberg. According to the report presented by Mr. Hammarskjöld, the observers found no evidence of "massive" foreign interference.

REBELS CO-OPERATE WITH U.N.: Four children of British citizenship—their parents live in Ghana—are seen in Tripoli before leaving for home. From left they are Samira Zagloul, being held by Rashid Karami, the local rebel leader; Nabil, Samir and Fareeda. They had been staying in a rebel-held part of the town with an uncle. U.N. observers arranged their safe passage from Tripoli.

SNIPING IN THE HILLS: Perched precariously on the rocks, Government sharp-shooters fire on rebels moving in the valley deep below them. The picture gives some idea of the rugged country of scrub-covered slopes in which battles have been fought.

STARTING FOR HOME: The rebel leader, Rashid Karami, waves to the children before the U.N. car leaves Tripoli, where they had been for two months. Their father is Lebanese, their mother Ghananian.

CAPTIVES AFTER A REBEL DEFEAT: Hands up and face to the wall is the order which has been given to the young men taken prisoner by the Government troops after their successful action against the town of Ainab. Some captives were said to be Syrians.

FORWARD TO VICTORY: Foot soldiers take advantage of the cover offered by an armoured vehicle as they move through rebel fire on the outskirts of Ainab. The customary pattern of assault by infantry, tanks and artillery was employed against the town.

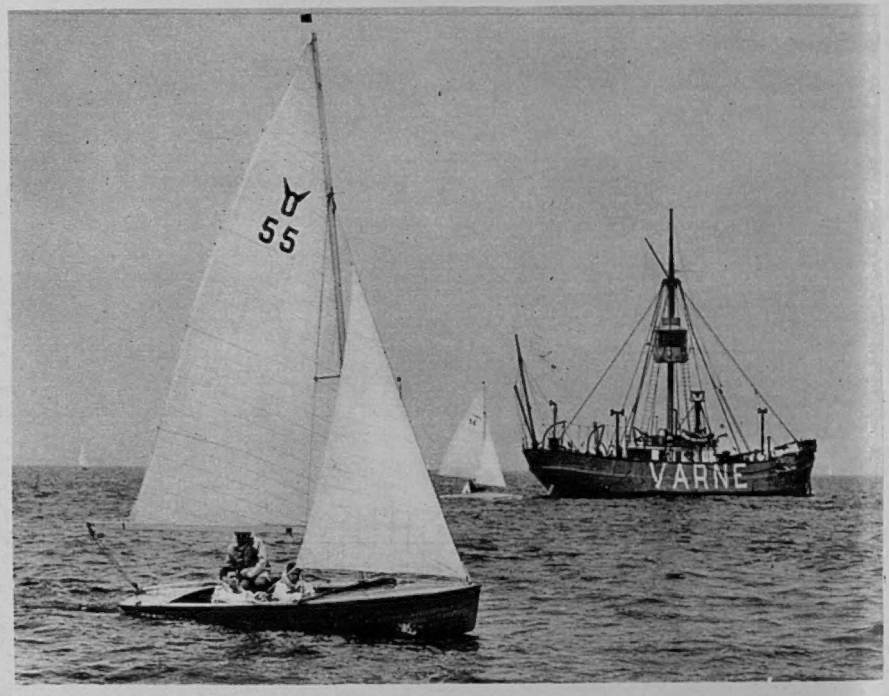
UNDER THE FAMILIAR WHITE CLIFFS: Dinghies and catamarans get under way in a light breeze in the cross-Channel championship race from Folkestone to Boulogne last Saturday. Altogether, fifty-seven dinghies and forty-one catamarans raced the 28 miles across the Channel. The catamarans were favourites for the race and as a result of their being capable of reaching speeds of up to 18 knots, they started half-an-hour after the dinghies. The eventual winner on handicap was *Freedom*, an 18-ft. catamaran, sailed by D. Robertson, W. Sorley and C. Pritchard-Barett, but *Endeavour*, another 18-ft. catamaran crewed by K. Pearce and T. Pearce, was first over the line.

SAILING ACROSS THE CHANNEL

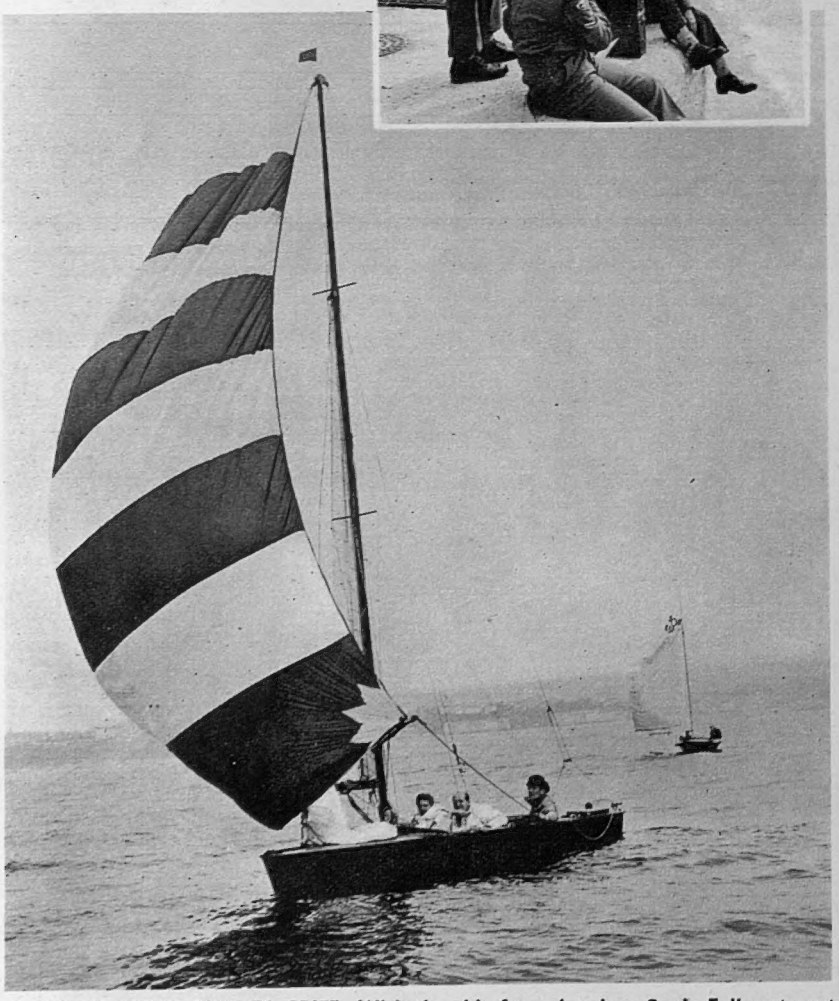
Catamarans Outshine the Dinghies in the Race from Folkestone to Boulogne

On right—

SPECIAL AID DURING PREPARATIONS: Men of the Royal Signals operate a telecommunications system set up on Folkestone promenade. In the background dinghies are lined up.



NINE MILES OUT: One of the seven Osprey class dinghies passes the Varne lightship nine miles out from Folkestone. At the start of the race there was only a slight breeze, but about half-way the unpredictable Channel weather caused several capsizes.



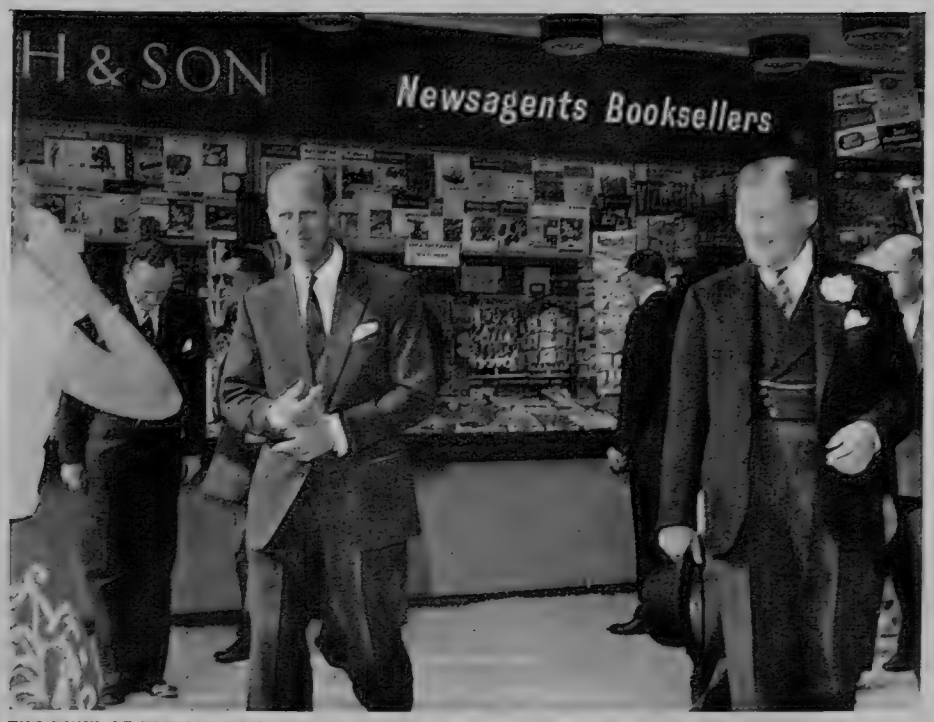
A DINGHY WHICH CAME TO GRIEF: With the aid of a spinnaker, *Soo's Folly* sets out from Folkestone. Shortly after the start she was towed back after losing her mast. *On right*—Yachtsmen carry out final preparations to dinghy entrants.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

PRINCESS MARGARET LEAVES FOR CANADA: Accompanied by the Queen Mother, Her Royal Highness walks to the B.O.A.C. Britannia in which she left London Airport on Friday of last week for her tour of Canada which is to last a month. At Vancouver Princess Margaret changed from the Britannia to a Royal Canadian Air Force C-5 transport for the journey to Patricia Bay Airport, north of Victoria. There she was greeted by Maj.-Gen. Pearkes, Canadian Defence Minister, representing the Prime Minister, Mr. Diefenbaker.

On right—

SHEIKH ARRIVES IN LONDON: Sheikh Isa al Khalifa, heir to the ruler of Bahrein, is embraced by an official on his arrival at London Airport. During his visit he was the guest of the Government.



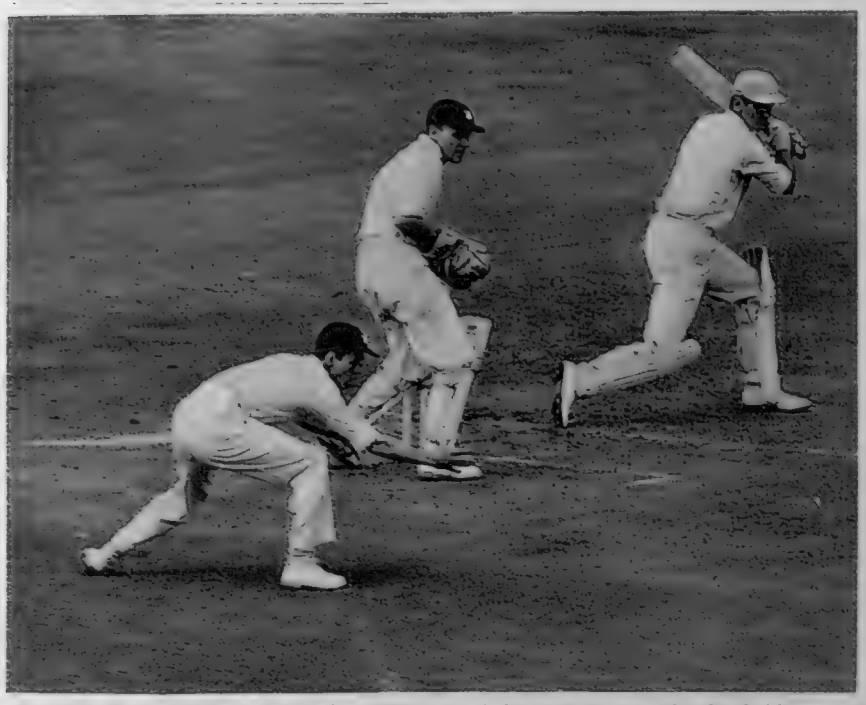
THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE BRUSSELS FAIR: Prince Philip leaves the bookshop and newspaper stand of W. H. Smith and Son, which he had just visited. During the day he saw every stand in the British Industries Pavilion. He was accompanied by the Prince of Liège, younger brother of King Baudouin. On the second day he was guest of honour at a luncheon given by the British Government and the Federation of British Industries.

A TURKISH MINISTER IN AMERICA: Mr. Ethem Menderes, the Turkish Minister of Defence, (second from left), is seen on his arrival in New York. With him are, from the left, Mr. Seyfullah Esin, Turkish Representative at the United Nations; Mr. Hayri Urguplu, Turkish Ambassador to the United States, and Captain Selim Albatroz, Naval Attaché at the Turkish Embassy in London, who had accompanied Mr. Menderes. The Minister, who had been invited to tour military installations in the U.S.A., reached New York as there were reports of still-mounting inter-communal violence in Cyprus. In two days fourteen people had been killed in the Greek and Turkish communities of the island, making the loss of life from the terror thirty-one in a week. (Pictures from Cyprus on page 99.)

IN RECEIPT OF UNITED STATES PROTESTS: Mr. Menshikov, the Soviet Ambassador in Washington, talks to reporters in the State Department. He had just received two protests from the American authorities. One concerned the shooting down of a U.S. unarmed military transport on the Soviet-Turkish border. The crew were alleged to have been "mistreated" before release. The other protest demanded the release of nine airmen detained in East Germany.

A CEREMONY AT WATERLOO: Members of the Scots Guards stand in a field on the farm at Hougoumont during the ceremony of unveiling a plaque on the north gate in memory of the officers and men of the 2nd Battalion, 3rd Guards (now known as the Scots Guards), who fell in defence of the farm during the Battle of Waterloo. The plaque was unveiled by the British Ambassador, Sir George Labouchere. The band and pipers of the 2nd Battalion were also present, together with a deputation representing the British charitable fund established in 1815 to care for British stragglers after the battle. On June 18, 1815, the Light Companies of the 2nd Battalion, Third Guards, and the 2nd Battalion, Coldstream Guards, defended the farm of Hougoumont. Throughout the day Napoleon committed nearly 30,000 troops against the farm, which was vital to the right flank of the Allied position. The most critical moment came during the afternoon when a party of French broke into the farm from the north; after a fight the gate was closed in the nick of time. On this gate the plaque has been placed.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



THE UNIVERSITY CRICKET MATCH AT LORD'S: ***On left*****—E. R. Dexter, the Cambridge captain, drives a ball from I. M. Gibson. R. L. Jowett is in the slips.** ***On right*****—G. W. Cook, going in first wicket down for Cambridge, is caught at slip by Jowett off the legbreak bowler I. Gibson for 12. The wicketkeeper is A. C. Smith.** Against good Oxford bowling and first-class fielding, Cambridge, on a friendly wicket quietened by rain, took nearly five hours to score 161 for 7. Only D. J. Green, opening for Cambridge, scored many runs, benefiting from the wet ball and persistent no-balling of D. M. Sayer, the Oxford fast bowler. Cambridge surprisingly declared at their overnight total of 161 for 7. After an opening stand of 72 by A. C. Smith and E. M. Dyson, Oxford wickets fell more quickly. Hurd was the most successful bowler. Oxford passed the Cambridge total with two wickets in hand in spite of frequent bowling changes.

THE WINNER OF THE KING'S CUP AIR RACE: Being congratulated by Wing-Commander R. H. McIntosh, of London (left), is Mr. J. H. Denyer, Commandant of Newcastle-upon-Tyne Airport, who won the premier British air racing trophy. He was eliminated in a qualifying race and became a starter only after another competitor withdrew for business reasons. Flying a Tiger Moth biplane, he won a thrilling race at Coventry Aerodrome, only a few yards ahead of Wing-Commander McIntosh in a Proctor 3, with Mr. W. H. Bailey in a Miles Hawk trainer third.

A FAMOUS NEGRO SINGER IN LONDON: Paul Robeson arrives at London Airport for his first visit to Britain for eight years. He said he intended to stay until about October and hoped to make a long tour, singing everywhere possible and at prices that everyone could afford. He also intended to make a tour of the Continent, including perhaps East Germany and the Soviet Union, which he would visit not for any special political reasons but as an artist. It is Mr. Robeson's first visit abroad since he was granted his passport after a Supreme Court ruling against the American State Department. He was deprived of it eight years ago when he was accused of Communist sympathies. At a Press conference shortly after he arrived in London, Mr. Robeson refused to say if he was a Communist.

CELEBRATING THE CENTENARY OF BATTERSEA PARK, IN LONDON: Members of the Battersea College of Technology re-enact the scene of receiving the Annual Tribute. The Monks of Westminster accept the gifts from the villeins and serfs who farmed the land at Battersea during the eleventh century. The float was part of a procession depicting the history of the London park, opened by Queen Victoria.

CHAMPAGNE FOR THE VICTOR: Michael Bushell (right), the winner of the annual waiters' race in Soho, one of the attractions of the opening of the Soho Fair, is showered with champagne by the runner-up, Guido Adorni. Michael Bushell was the youngest of the competitors.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

On left—
NASSER'S VISIT TO TITO: The President of the United Arab Republic and the President of Yugoslavia confer at Brioni, the latter's island retreat. At the head of the table is Mr. Josip Djerdja, Yugoslav Ambassador in Cairo, and to right is Edward Kardelj, Vice-President to Tito. While Colonel Nasser was on his ten-day visit to Yugoslavia, Mr. Averoff, the Greek Foreign Minister, arrived at Brioni. He had talks with the two Presidents and also conferred with the Yugoslav Foreign Minister, Mr. Popovic, and the Egyptian Foreign Minister, Dr. Fawzi, who had accompanied Colonel Nasser from Cairo. It was understood that Mr. Averoff gave a review of the Greek attitude towards Cyprus, although no mention was made of this in the statement issued after the Foreign Ministers' discussions. A joint statement at the end of the Tito-Nasser talks indicated that the "uncommitted" position taken by Yugoslavia now has the support of the United Arab Republic. The Presidents condemned attempts "by some countries to influence and dominate other countries through pressure and interference."

A MILITARY PARADE IN MOROCCO: A crowd gathers to watch the coach bearing the King of Morocco, Mohammed V, arrive at the Military Academy at Dar-el-Baida, in Rabat. His Majesty was about to inspect the passing-out parade of new officers—the second to be held since the new Moroccan Army was formed two years ago after the country became a sovereign State.

KHRUSHCHEV IN EAST BERLIN: The Soviet Prime Minister drives from the East Station with Herr Ulbricht, the Secretary-General of the East German Communist Party. Mr. Khrushchev had arrived to attend the fifth party Congress of the East German Communists. Later in the day he went to Halle, where he addressed a crowd of some 200,000 people. He chose the occasion to continue his attacks upon Yugoslavia. He declared that it was the only Socialist country "still limping behind" in construction work and that great efforts would have to be made "so that Yugoslavia will march along."

OBERAMMERGAU LOOKS TO THE PAST AND TO THE FUTURE: Veterans of past performances of the Passion Play in the Bavarian village sit in the Passion Play House holding scrolls of merit. They had received them for the parts they have taken in the productions of the play in previous years. On the left is Herr Sebastian Schauer, who first appeared on the Oberammergau stage before the end of the last century. *On right*—Before a crowded audience Herr Franz Zwink speaks the prologue to the play at the gathering in the theatre last week after the village council had formally decided that the next series of performances of the Passion Play should be held in 1960. Many of those present will take part. With rare exceptions the season has always been held at the beginning of each decade since the end of the seventeenth century because of vows made when an epidemic afflicted the village.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

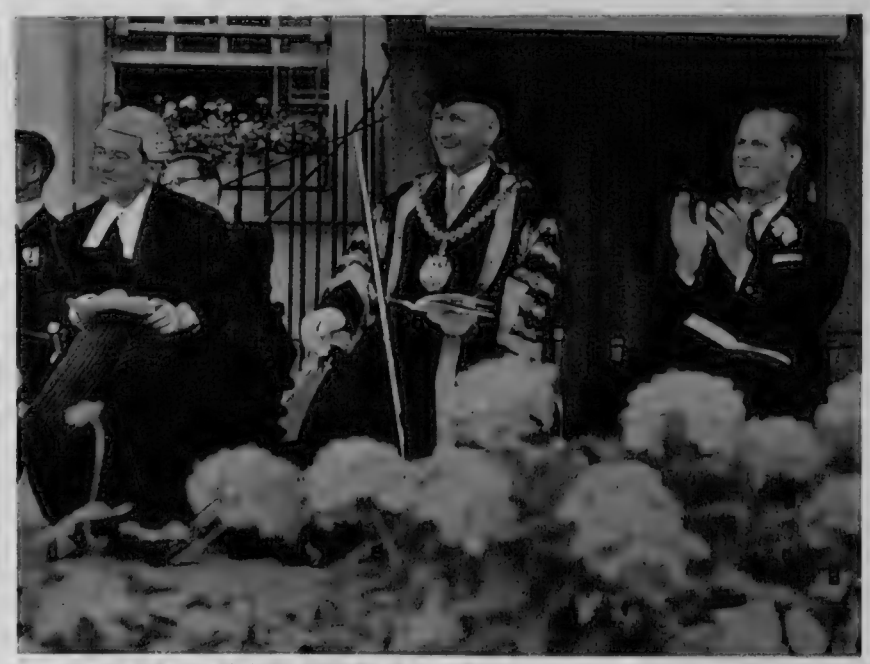
PRESIDENT EISENHOWER IN CANADA: He is seen with Mr. Diefenbaker, the Canadian Prime Minister. During his three-day visit to the Canadian capital the President addressed a joint Session of the Senate and the House of Commons, and had a series of talks with the Canadian leaders. In his speech to Parliament, Mr. Eisenhower referred frankly to the problems and differences regarding trade between their two countries, and said he believed that they could be overcome "by understanding, common sense and willingness to give and take." Both countries, he believed, should unite to meet the economic challenge of the Soviet Union. Mr. Diefenbaker later stated that he was pleased with the purport of the President's speech. In the talks, in which Mr. Dulles and Dr. Sydney Smith, Canadian Minister for External Affairs, participated with their chiefs, it was decided that a joint Canadian-United States Cabinet Committee on defence should be established. Its task will be not to supplant but to supplement the existing joint Boards and Committees on North American defence.

A RULER BANISHED FROM ADEN: The Sultan of Lahej, Sir Ali bin Abdul al Karim, was banned from his state in the Aden Protectorate by the British Government last week. When the announcement was made he was in Milan. Mr. Lennox-Boyd, the Colonial Secretary, told the House of Commons that the reason for the ban for an indefinite period was because the Sultan "had for a considerable time been following a course of action incompatible with the treaties between him and the Government." He had failed to co-operate with the Governor of Aden in controlling the activities of the Jiffri brothers in Lahej State and "had had forbidden political contacts without the prior sanction or knowledge of the Government."

PARKING METERS IN LONDON: A driver puts his money into a meter in Grosvenor Square. This picture was taken on Thursday of last week, the day the parking meter system was introduced in an area of Mayfair by the Westminster City Council. The scheme was inaugurated officially by Mr. G. R. H. Nugent, Parliamentary Secretary of the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation. Cost of parking between 8.30 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. is 6d. for one hour, 1s. for two hours and 10s. for each subsequent hour. At other times, and all day on Saturdays and Sundays, parking is free.

READY FOR THE EMPIRE GAMES: Members of teams from various countries of the Commonwealth for the Games, which began yesterday in Cardiff, are at the entrance to "Empire Games Village." The village is, in fact, the Royal Air Force station at St. Athan, between Cardiff and Barry, and the R.A.F. authorities have provided a large part of the accommodation as quarters for participants during the Games. St. Athan is well-equipped for sports training, with a swimming-bath, running track and gymnasium. The NAAFI and other facilities are open to the athletes.

THE 800TH ANNIVERSARY OF CARLISLE: In the pageant commemorating the history of the city, Bonnie Prince Charlie rides through the streets with his supporters behind him. There was great disappointment when shortly before the start of the celebrations it was announced that the Queen had had to cancel her engagement to be present. On the advice of her doctors she was travelling straight to London from Scotland, where she had been on tour. Later it was stated that she was suffering from acute catarrhal sinusitis and other of her engagements would have to be cancelled, including speaking to the World Mothers' Union meeting in London. In Carlisle the Duke of Edinburgh carried out the Royal programme.



MAKING UP FOR THE DISAPPOINTMENT: Prince Philip applauds and smiles as the pageant passes in Carlisle. He carried out all the engagements scheduled for the Queen except the unveiling of a plaque commemorating the visit. He told the people of Carlisle that Her Majesty would like to do that herself "on some future occasion."

World Affairs

AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND AND OURSELVES

By JOHN CONNELL

THE back benches of the House of Commons, the offices of the big newspapers, the studios of the broadcasting and television organisations are all crowded nowadays with self-styled experts on various branches of international relations.

There are platoons of advisers on Soviet affairs; there is a whole battalion of those who know all that there is to be known about the stresses and strains of Islam, and the effects of the oil industry on the peoples of the Middle East. There is a new complication in the Algerian situation; a commodity crisis develops in Eastern Germany; the Vice-President of the United States runs into trouble on a goodwill mission in Latin-America; in any and all of these instances it proves an easy, routine business to arrange a lively, well-informed discussion—on paper or on the air—between four or more eager and authoritative disputants.

There is, however, one conspicuous gap in this formidable, loquacious array. Hardly anyone has ever either the desire or the knowledge to discuss relations between the United Kingdom and two of the other older, independent nations within the Commonwealth, Australia and New Zealand. The lack of interest and information—outside the narrowest fields of trade and sport—about the peoples of these two countries is grievous. There is a good deal of communication across the world; but it is largely a one-way traffic: Australians and New Zealanders want to hear from us and about us; we take them and their affairs very casually for granted.

This is a risky attitude in a world and an epoch as menacing as ours. That it is habitual is no excuse; this is an old, bad habit, left over from easier days, of which we must strive to rid ourselves as quickly and as thoroughly as we can.

Here is a significant example of this complacent ignorance: in both Australia and New Zealand, Anzac Day (April 25) is commemorated with the utmost solemnity, on a nationwide scale; here it passes virtually without comment. This year the Australian High Commissioner complained wrathfully to me that not a single national newspaper in Britain bothered to refer to Anzac Day; I was able to prove that one at least, of which I myself had some knowledge, had published a commemorative leading article. But this does not destroy the general validity of his argument. How can we be so careless and so short-sighted?

It is perfectly true that relations with Australia and New Zealand have to be fitted into the general, wider pattern of Commonwealth Relations as a whole. But with the rapid and continuing process of liquidation of the British Empire, and the emergence of newly-emancipated sovereign States within the Commonwealth, there has been what I at least believe to be a regrettable concentration of attention on the newer member-nations and an accompanying lack of interest in our older, deeper and more durable attachments. It is doubtless true that both Australians and New Zealanders are touchy (I would say quite understandably touchy) on the subject of loyalty; but there are many of them who feel that there has been more than one occasion in recent years on which this passive neglect has changed into active contempt and hostility, and that the British are capable not merely of neglecting their interests and feelings but of trampling on them with deliberate intent.

We lose no opportunity, they say, of prostrating ourselves at the feet of Mr. Nehru or Dr. Nkrumah, and we go out of our way to cold-shoulder their leading statesmen. It is not a wholly effective answer to this plaint to murmur that it is unwise to confuse the whole British nation with the editorial staff of the *Observer*; but the experience of Mr. Menzies at the time of the Suez crisis was, I fear, as characteristic as it was disagreeable. Mr. Menzies played a vital part in the tragic and elaborate process of negotiation between the dates on which Nasser nationalised the Canal Company and on which the Israeli Army attacked in Sinai.

With the greatest tenacity and ingenuity he strove to resolve a dispute which, in fact, could not be ended without the defeat and humiliation of one or other party to it. When the final storm broke in November 1956 what thanks did he get? Mr. Nehru and his sinister lieutenant, Mr. Krishna Menon, who had done nothing but stir up trouble, were crowned and wreathed with sickening flattery and adulation. Mr. Menzies' reward was a chorus of titters and sneers from all schools of progressive opinion in this country. It could be a long time before another statesman of his calibre, from either Australia or New Zealand, would come to our help in a similar crisis.

But will it? Are the natural links still too strong to be broken by our folly and our negligence? There are numerous gravely disruptive forces at work, and we do ourselves harm by under-rating them. We are joined by the tie of blood, and by the tie of shared sacrifice on a scale of which relatively few people in Britain, even now, are aware. There are some revealing statistics. In the First World War the United Kingdom, with a population numbering 46,000,000, sent some 5,000,000 men into action, and of these 705,000 were killed; Australia, with a population of 5,000,000, sent 332,000 to battle, of whom 59,000 were killed; New Zealand, with a population of 1,100,000, sent 112,000 troops overseas, of whom 17,000 were lost. In the Second World War the United Kingdom, with a population of just under 50,000,000, put 5,500,000 men into uniform, of whom 244,000 were killed; Australia, whose population had risen to 6,620,000, raised forces numbering just on a million, of whom 23,000 were killed; and New Zealand, with a population of 1,600,000, lost 10,000 out of a total of 135,000 sent overseas.

ANZAC DAY IN LONDON: Sir Eric Harrison, the High Commissioner for Australia, and Mr. C. F. Skinner (behind), the Deputy Prime Minister of New Zealand, place their wreaths on the Cenotaph in Whitehall. This picture was first published in "The Sphere" in the issue of May 3 this year. Mr. Skinner was then in London for trade talks.

Figures—even figures as formidable as these—are only a partial measure of feeling. The true links between Britain and the Anzac countries are, and have been for many decades, links of feeling. Immaterial in themselves, they find expression in material ways. If Australia imposes sudden, severe import restrictions, if New Zealand is disappointed and angry about Britain's food-buying policy, the financial and economic factors involved are of less importance—and of less interest—than the aggrieved emotions. It is always difficult to have a dispassionate, discussion on any important topic within a close-knit family; every issue becomes sentimental and personal.

So it is in relations between the United Kingdom, Australia and New Zealand. Heredity is of far more significance to all three of us than environment. We are like and we are unlike—as brothers and sisters who have grown up together and gone out on their separate ways in the world, yet are joined by countless ties of association, great and small. We see, each of us, reflections of facets of ourselves in the others; sometimes we are delighted by what we behold, sometimes we are irritated; we are never indifferent. We have too much in common; we know, by processes deeper than those of the intellect, too much about each other; we react against the wideness of our physical separation by an especially intense spiritual and emotional identification.

For these reasons the relationship between Britain and these two member-States of the Commonwealth is, or ought to be, not only different in degree but different in kind from that between Britain and any other member-State (including even Canada). With the others we are fellow-members of a club, of an institution which, with skill and ingenuity, we have jointly devised for ourselves, which we jointly sustain, about which we each have our own ideas and sentiments. But the association between Britain and Australia and New Zealand is of a radically different character. They are part of us and we are part of them.

Comprehension of the quality and fibre of this relationship is instinctive, and well-nigh universal, in both Australia and New Zealand. Its outer manifestations are, as the British people and individual British citizens are in the habit of discovering, often robust and critical. That outspoken criticism of Britain in which Australians and New Zealanders frequently indulge is a family criticism; they claim (and after all, as those figures which I have quoted indicate, they have some right to claim) the privileges as well as the responsibilities of kinship.

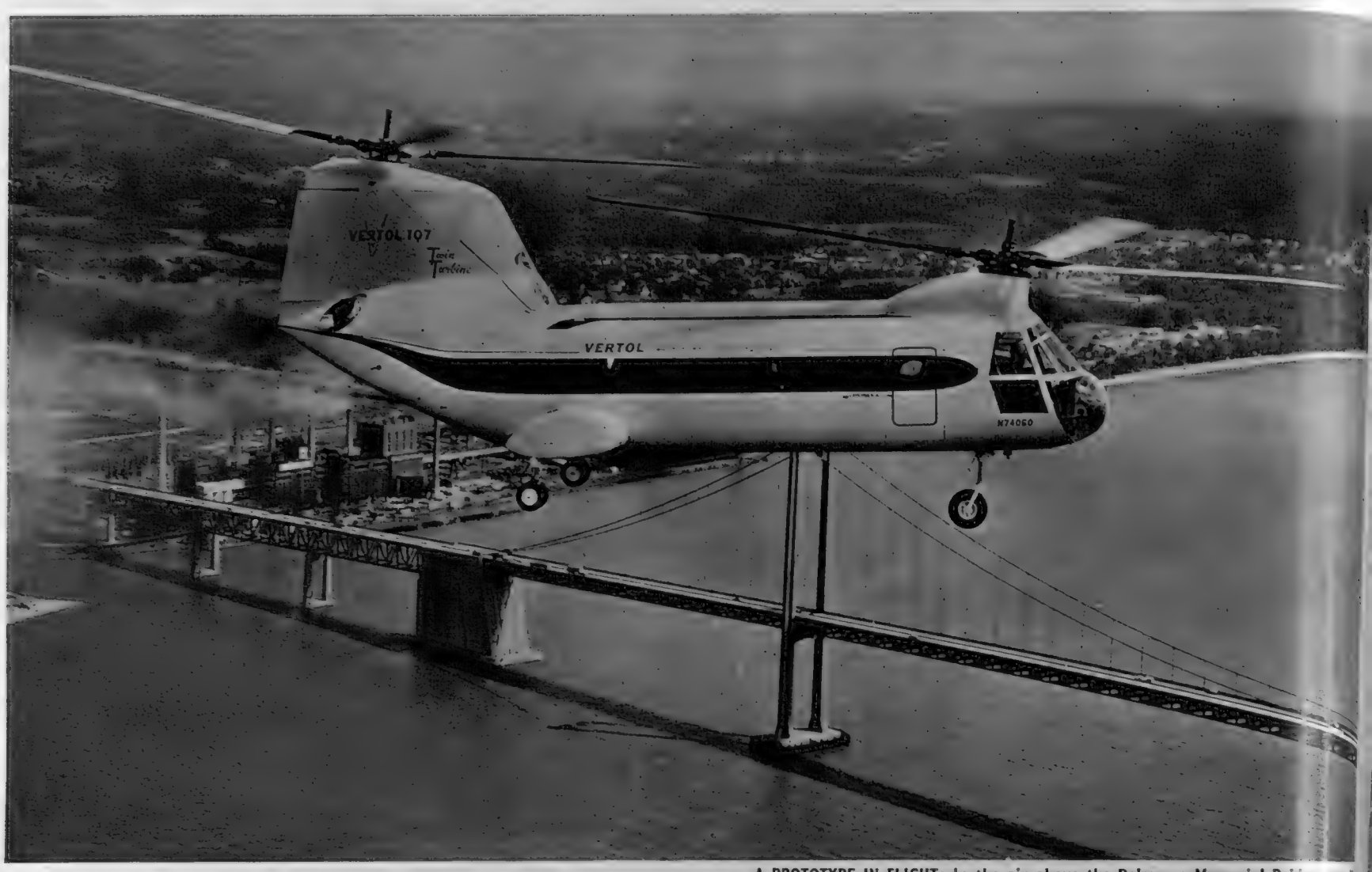
They see, with some exasperation, the newer independent members of the Commonwealth arrogating to themselves every privilege they can, and calmly and priggishly evading the responsibilities. They see Britain, the natural (and by them unquestioned) head of the family, tamely submitting to these acts of spiritual aggression, these sanctimonious despoliations of beliefs and principles which they themselves hold sacred; and their dismay is of a poignancy which would surprise and shock many of those who lay such persistent, glib emphasis on our relationship with those newer members of the Commonwealth.

Indians are naturally courteous and generous people; but India's external policy in the years since she attained independence has seldom displayed these agreeable qualities. India has acted again and again—and especially within the framework of the Commonwealth—with a meanness, a discourtesy, a selfishness and a pettiness which Australians and New Zealanders find supremely distasteful. They, after all, were not directly consulted about this new relationship with India; it was thrust on them by arrangement between Britain and India.

A similar state of affairs has developed, more quickly and just as uncomfortably, over Ghana. The thesis that the Commonwealth is, in some extraordinary fashion, stronger and greater now than it ever was before, because it consists of a nebulous association of nations, some monarchies and some republics, seems to them unreal, almost nonsense. They see expediency, wearing the thin garb of sophistry, replacing simple loyalty and love as the fundamental principle of the association; and they have no great stomach for it.

Strategic considerations (above all, that constant awareness of the threat of what is to us the Far East but to them the Near North) as well as economic interest are already edging both Australia and New Zealand into new political alignments. But the real significance of the drift away from Britain, which is visible in both these countries, is deeper and sadder; and the blame for it lies far more at our door than at theirs. In their eyes it too often seems that we do not care any more. We fuss over the wrong people for the wrong reasons, and we neglect our family and our true and faithful friends.

How many articles and broadcasts every year are devoted to some aspect or other of the new India? How many politicians, journalists and busybodies of all kinds go scurrying off to Ghana to pay court to Dr. Nkrumah? By contrast, how much attention is paid in Britain to any other facet of life in either Australia or New Zealand than sport? The answers to these questions are hurtful; but there are those who hold that in the end we in Britain are likely to be the most grievous sufferers.



A PROTOTYPE IN FLIGHT: In the air above the Delaware Memorial Bridge, near W mington, Philadelphia, is the Vertol 107 transport helicopter. *On left*—On or **for the U.S. Army, the 107 has a rear ramp for quick loading of cargo. bulky, extended cargo the helicopter can be flown with the rear door op**

The new Model 107 helicopter, developed by Vertol Aircraft Corp. of Pennsylvania, is powered by two turbine engines and is built to carry twenty-five commercial passengers or twenty-two troops in all weathers. Ten of these large helicopters have been ordered by the U.S. Army, where it will be numbered YHC-1. Developed as a company project, which started in May 1957, the prototype has been flight-tested since early April of this year. The design follows the princ of tandem rotors—lifting roton the fore and aft ends of the fusel This allows a maximum cabin of 795 cubic feet. Its gross weigh 15,550 lb. Besides the safety factor flight being possible on one eng alone, the helicopter can also, if nec sary, land on water. The tandem c figuration permits a large range of c angles at touchdown without the of damage to the rear rotor bla

HELICOPTERS ON TRIA

Various American Prototypes and British Test Flights

AN AMPHIBIOUS HELICOPTER: Hovering just above the surface is a HUP-2 Seacopter, after it has taken off from the seaplane basin during hydrodynamic evaluation tests at the U.S. Naval Air Test Centre on the Patuxent River, in Maryland. The aircraft is a standard HUP-2 helicopter built by the Vertol Aircraft Corporation, modified and reinforced, to enable it to be amphibious.

LANDING ON THE PATUXENT RIVER: At low speed, the helicopter settles gently on the surface water during recent evaluation tests. The use of a hull-type configuration is expected to safety factors in many aspects of operations at sea, especially in carrier escort and anti-submarine All-metal outrigger floats are fitted and the engine cooling air system has been re Standard HUP-2 helicopters were the first interim anti-submarine warfare helicopters to go into

BRISTLING WITH WEAPONS: A U.S. Army Sikorsky H-34A Choctaw is undergoing tests with a heavy armament. Included are forty 2.75 rockets, two 5-in. anti-tank, anti-submarine rockets, two 20-mm. cannon, three 50-calibre and six 30-calibre machine-guns. It is proposed to use the helicopter in the suppression of ground fire. The first production model of this type, a general purpose helicopter, first flew in 1954 and under various classifications is in service with the U.S. Army, Navy and Marines. With one radial air-cooled engine, it has a cruising speed of 101 m.p.h. and a range of 225 miles.

ON ITS FIRST FLIGHT: One of Europe's biggest military helicopters, the turbine-powered twin-engined Bristol Type 192 makes its maiden flight at Bristol Aircraft's Weston Division at Weston-super-Mare. Piloted by Mr. C. T. D. Hosegood, the flight consisted of a number of hovering tests. The 192, which is in production for the Royal Air Force, has been designed to meet Service requirements for troop and freight transport, ambulance duties, and rescue operations.

A HELICOPTER IN FLIGHT: Flying over the fields of Somerset, near Yeovil, is the first production Westland Wessex. This is an anti-submarine aircraft destined for the Royal Navy. One of the most up-to-date of such aircraft, it is equipped with a free-turbine engine, automatic pilot and other automatic devices enabling it to be used in all kinds of weather by day or by night. It is planned that the first production models will be delivered early next year, after comprehensive testing of the initial production model. They will be the first gas-turbine-powered helicopters to go into service in this country. In addition to detecting submarines, it is expected that the Wessex will also be able to attack with guided weapons. Also it will be suitable for search and rescue operations, freight carrying and communications duties. Basically, the helicopter is a Sikorsky S-58 with a Napier Gazelle shaft-turbine ; the nose is modified to provide air filtration.

ON THE FORTH BRIDGE

The Routine Maintenance Work is Continuous

More than sixty men work throughout the year to maintain the sixty-eight-year-old bridge across the Firth of Forth. Twenty-nine of these men are painters and their job is to restrict the rust and corrosion which are caused by a combination of high winds, sun, grit, soot and sea air. Although they lay on 17 tons of paint each year, it takes three years to cover the 145 acres (or 51,000 tons) of steel on the bridge. By then they have to start all over again. Some of the men have spent all their working lives in this way and twenty or thirty years on the bridge is not uncommon.

The workmen, as seen in the pictures on this page, walk apparently unconcerned along the girders and shafts of the bridge, and many of them work more than 350 ft. above the water. Often, they use rope ladders while travelling from one girder to another. There is a warning notice to them which reads: "Employees must not have their hands in their pockets while walking on the gangways or in other places considered to be dangerous." Wind pressure is, of course, a deciding factor in the work for the day. If it is above a certain mark the foreman will put his men to work inside the massive shafts. The tubes are 12 ft. in diameter and have to be painted on both sides to avoid any possibility of erosion.

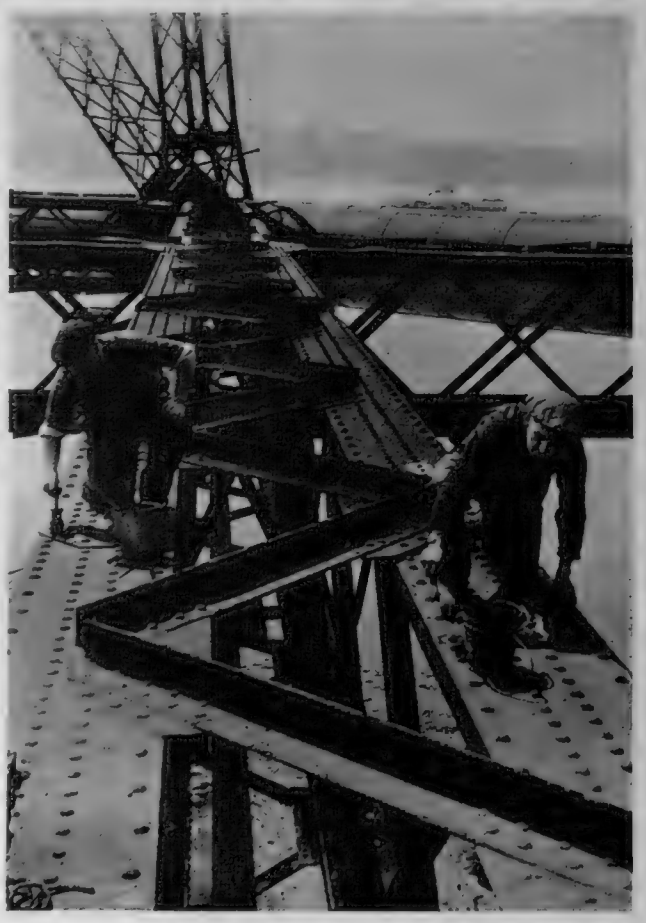
The vast bridge across the Forth links Edinburgh with Fifeshire and the north, and well over a thousand trains cross it every week. The alternative route by road would add about 60 miles to the same journey. From an engineering point of view the structure marked an epoch in the history of bridge building as it was the first long-span railway bridge to be built of steel. It was designed by Sir John Fowler and Sir Benjamin Baker and built between 1883 and 1890 at a cost of nearly £3,000,000. The opening ceremony was performed by the Prince of Wales (later King Edward VII) when he put in the last of the 6,500,000 rivets. Of the 5,000 men employed on the construction of the bridge, fifty-seven lost their lives through accidents.

The entire length of the bridge, including viaducts and approaches, extends to a little over four miles, but the bridge itself is about a mile and a half. The main section consists of three cantilevers which tower to a height of 360 ft. They are connected by long girder spans, and supported on granite piers (the centre one resting on the small island of Inchgarvie), each of which consists of four circular masonry supports standing upon caissons sunk to a depth between 70ft. and 90 ft. The superstructure is fixed to each pier by forty-eight steel supports which go down 28 ft. into the masonry. The clear headway at high water between the arches of the bridge and the river is 115 ft., which gives easy headway to vessels of almost any size or type.

BRIDGING THE FIRTH OF FORTH: The famous railway bridge in Scotland is slightly over a mile and a half long; with its viaduct and approaches the total length is four and a half miles. The routine maintenance work, involving a considerable number of men, is continuous throughout the year.

THUNDERING ACROSS THE BRIDGE: An express roars by as the painters carry on with their job. More than a thousand trains cross the Forth bridge each week.

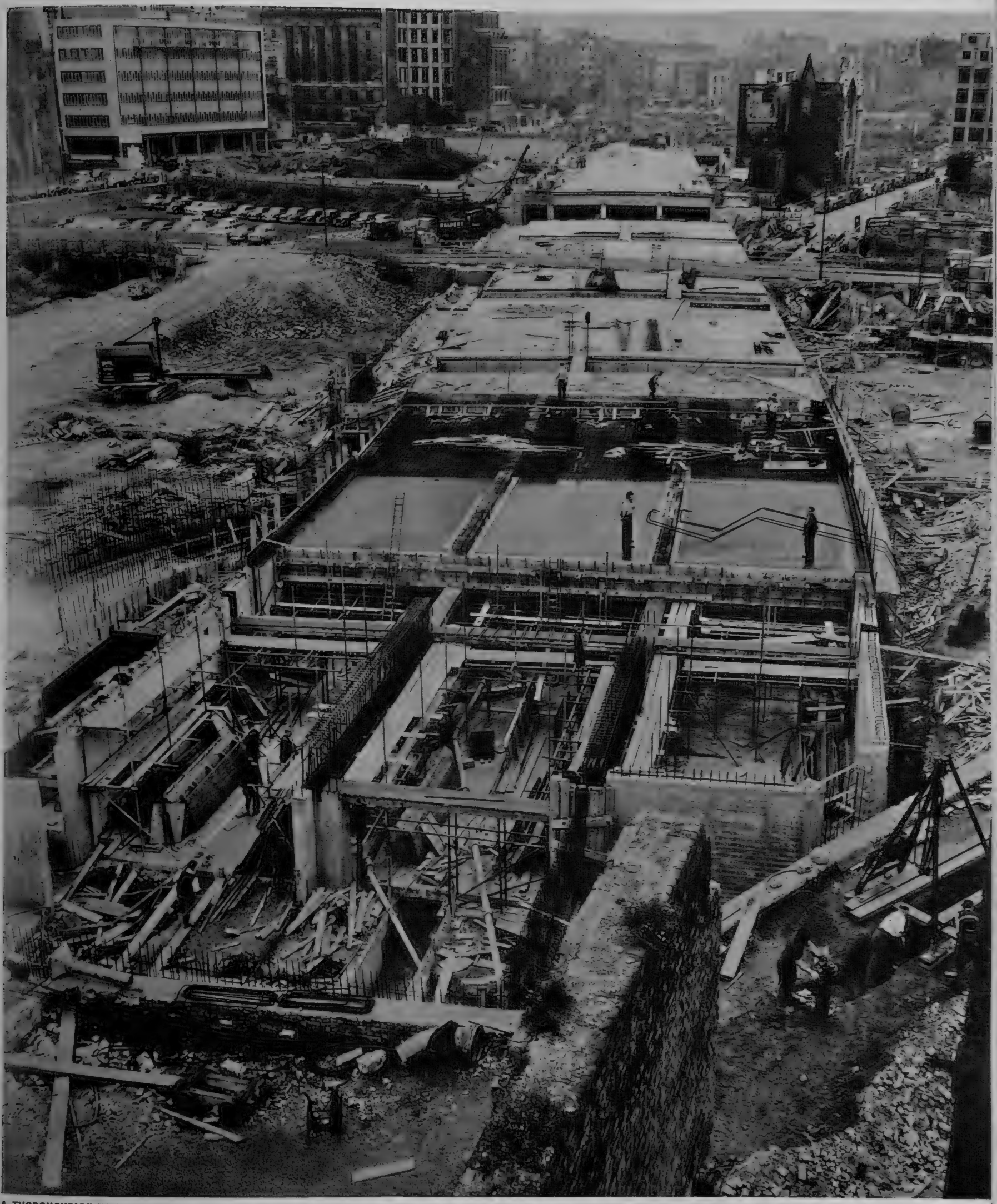
INSIDE ONE OF THE MASSIVE SHAFTS: Maintenance work is essential inside the shafts as well as outside. When the wind is high work must be restricted to the interior of the shafts.



On right—

PAINTERS AT WORK: They are engaged in one of their daily tasks more than 150 ft. above the Firth of Forth.

LOOKING DOWN ON THE FIRTH OF FORTH: Men are at work on the girders; another is crossing one of the shafts. The launch in the background of the picture is used to carry paint and other materials for the maintenance workers. It can also be used to take part in rescue operations.



A THOROUGHFARE TO RELIEVE TRAFFIC CONGESTION IN THE CITY OF LONDON: The shape of the trunk road known as Route 11 can be seen as it approaches Coleman Street. In the right background are the ruins of the Church of St. Alphage, in London Wall. This is part of the central section of the highway from Aldersgate Street to Moorgate on which work is now progressing and should be completed next year. Eventually the trunk road through the City will run from Ludgate Circus to Aldgate High Street.

THE CITY'S NEW HIGHWAY

Progress in Construction of the Trunk Road, Route 11

The City of London has drawn up a long-term plan for the relief of traffic congestion. The intention is to build a trunk road—Route 11—from an enlarged Ludgate Circus in the west to Aldgate High Street in the east. This will provide a through highway from west to east. Construction is planned in three sections, and the work which began on the central section some months ago has now made good progress. Evidence of this is in the picture on this page of the road approaching Coleman Street. A notable feature is that beneath it will be an underground car park for 250 cars, which will enter and leave by five ramps. Concrete pillars will support the highway above, which will be surfaced with asphalt and have a length of about one-third of a mile. In width it will be 86 ft., with dual-carriageways, each 29 ft. broad. Cost of construction is estimated at around £1,000 per ft. Great care is being taken to preserve Roman and other ancient remains in the area of the car park. The central section will stretch eventually from Aldersgate Street to Moorgate and should be finished next year. The two other sections, which have yet to be started, will run in the west from Ludgate Circus to Aldersgate Street and in the east from Moorgate to Aldgate High Street.

NO MYTHICAL MONSTER: In an attempt to capture a Komodo dragon, a gigantic lizard living on the island of Komodo, in Indonesia, a trap is baited with goat's meat. The monster tears at the flesh leading to the trap. Later it waddled inside the cage and was caught.

THE DRAGON OF KOMODO: From the top of its narrow head to the tip of its long powerful tail, it measures at least 12 ft. The scales of its black skin hang puckered and wrinkled on its neck as it stands erect on four bowed legs

QUEST FOR A DRAGON

An Expedition to Indonesia to Attempt to Capture the Gigantic Lizard, the Komodo Dragon

ON the island of Komodo, in Indonesia, for many years there were stories of a dragon living there with enormous claws, long curving teeth, a fiery yellow tongue and a heavily-armoured body. It was a fearsome monster. Native fishermen and pearl-divers went in awe of it, and there were even whispers that it ate human flesh.

In 1910 a Dutch officer took an expedition to the lonely, little-visited island, where he shot two creatures. He later gave the skins to a Dutch zoologist on Java, who reported that it was a giant lizard, over 12 ft. long. It was classified under the name of *Varanus komodoensis*. Subsequent visitors to the island saw it—a monster with a scaly, black skin, wrinkled and puckered over its body, standing erect on four bowed legs and with a long powerful tail. Specimens were found on the neighbouring islet of Rintja and on the western tip of nearby Flores, but nowhere else in the world.

SAILING INTO KOMODO: On this native boat travelled David Attenborough and Charles Lagus on their quest to photograph the Komodo dragon. They also hoped to capture alive as many other rare animals as was possible.

Recently, David Attenborough and Charles Lagus went on an expedition to try and bring the monster back alive. The story of the attempt is told by Mr. Attenborough in his book *Zoo Quest for a Dragon*, published last year by The Lutterworth Press. He, with Mr. Lagus, who was the photographer for the expedition, is well known on B.B.C. Television as a naturalist. After a series of delays, they managed to hire a native boat to carry them to the island of Komodo. The native captain of the vessel devised a scheme to kill and rob the two Englishmen, but fortunately the scheme fell through. The natives, on whom the captain depended for support, were too satisfied with their life of fishing to be bothered to engage in such dangerous activities.

For some time, the expedition could not find the monster. Meanwhile they photographed and trapped many other animals on the island. One of the main purposes of the expedition was to bring back to captivity as many species as possible. Eventually they did see a Komodo dragon, so close and unexpectedly, that they did not know what to do. It stood erect on its four legs, its head high in the air. A savage mouth curved upwards in a sardonic grin and from between half-closed jaws an enormous yellow-pink forked tongue slid in and out. The stories of the dragon were not so far from the truth, after all.

It was decided to attempt to capture one of the Komodo dragons. A trap was set, baited with a trail of goat's meat. For many hours the party waited hidden nearby without so much as a glimpse of the creature. Suddenly one appeared, shortly to be joined by two others. In a short time all three were busily engaged in tearing off hunks of the goat's meat, apparently oblivious of being photographed. After a tense wait one of the Komodo dragons waddled inside the trap set for it and found itself securely caught. It was the first time that the monster had ever been taken into captivity.

Perhaps even the natives, living in small straw-thatched huts by the side of the sea, were surprised. Living a lazy, monotonous life catching fish all day long, there were few breaks in the even tenor of their life. On the other hand, perhaps they did not care very much—apparently it was solely on the grounds that they preferred to fish that they had refused to help the native captain of the vessel to kill the Englishmen. Thus it seemed probable that, despite momentary excitements, they preferred to carry on their lazy, uncomplicated existence, untroubled by visitors or dragons.

David Attenborough and Charles Lagus applied for permission to take the almost legendary monster out of Indonesia. Unfortunately, such a large sum of money was demanded for it, that it was not possible to do this. Regretfully the expedition was forced to leave the Komodo dragon behind to carry on its normal life, killing wild pigs and deer with swings from its muscular tail and looking with a sardonic smile at any native it chanced to encounter. Perhaps it is smiling at the puzzled zoologists who wondered how it arrived on the island at all. Almost certainly it is a descendant of the enormous prehistoric lizards which were found fossilised in Australia. Komodo, however, is a volcanic island of comparatively recent origin. It is a mystery how the lizards arrived there at all, unless they managed to swim the vast distances involved from Australia to the Indonesian Islands.

Despite their disappointment over the dragon, the expedition did bring back alive many animals, including an orang-outang called Charlie, a bear called Benjamin, and pythons, civets, parrots and other birds and reptiles. One day somebody may be able to bring to this country a Komodo dragon and we shall at last have a chance of seeing the type of monster which St. George was forced to fight so that in defending a maiden's honour he could become a national saint.

A VILLAGE ON KOMODO: Raised on stilts are the small that lead a lazy, simple life and are reluctant to break their fishing that they refused to help the captain

WITH A FIXED SARDONIC GRIN: Looking quizzically at the camera is the giant lizard, before tearing at the goat's meat placed to attract it into the trap. Appearing to be too large for it, its scaly skin hangs in long horizontal folds. It lives on the flesh of wild pigs and deer, and kills its prey with a swing of its huge muscular tail.

On left and right—

MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION: *On left*—David Attenborough feeds a little bear named Benjamin, one of the animals brought back to this country by the expedition. *On right*—Charles Lagus, the photographer, squats by a camp fire in a small clearing among the tangled trees and bushes, during the long wait for the dragon to be attracted towards the baited trap.

f the fisherfolk who live on the island in Indonesia. The few inhabitants e of their existence. It was because they preferred to carry on with boat bringing the expedition to rob and kill the two Englishmen.

THE DRAGON TRAP: A youth peers through the logs of the trap in which the monster was caught. The expedition applied for permission to take the lizard out of Indonesia, but the Indonesians demanded so much money for the monster that it had to be left behind in its native land.

CONTRASTS IN THE CHANNEL ISLANDS

Differences in Work and Leisure in Jersey and in Guernsey and Changes Between Yesterday and Today

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

IN his classic *Notes on a Cellar-Book*, George Saintsbury (a confirmed, accomplished and discriminating imbiber who, it is abundantly apparent, never lost an opportunity and who through constant practice over many years—and there is no other way—became the leading authority on wine in his day and age) pays this tribute to the part that Guernsey played in his development:

> Not only was liquor cheap, but it was *not* nasty . . . The genuine article was so moderate in cost, and the possible profit on selling it was so limited, that adulteration was hardly at all tempting. Let me add that as the islanders included an unusually large proportion of persons of fair means, ancestral houses, and gentle blood, hospitality was abundant and the means of exercising it excellent. There can be no insult in recalling the fact that during the quarter-century of the great French wars the Channel Islands were the chief entrepôt of foreign-made drink—never mind whether in connection with what is called smuggling or not. Barely half a century more had passed when I went to Guernsey, and I do not think that the last bottle of the old stocks had been drunk out.

Well, it has now. In this respect Guernsey certainly is not what it was. Time and again in his book Saintsbury mentions the specialities which he knew in Guernsey, and one drink, Ampurdam, which he describes as common. I have searched Guernsey thoroughly and have never come across a bottle of it. I have met only one man who remembered it and then only by name. Now, I am a beer-drinker—and Guernsey still brews some remarkably fine beers, just as it did in Saintsbury's time (even he remarks on its quality)—and this does not bother me at all. I should have liked to have tasted Ampurdam: that I have been unable to do so does not break my heart.

Nor am I unduly distressed that the emporium in St. Peter Port, which sold Saintsbury good sparkling white Burgundy at 30s. a dozen—it also, you will remember, sold furniture, curiosities and second-hand books—has disappeared in favour of the more conventional establishment. But these things are, I think, symptomatic of the times. In Saintsbury's day you could find, at next to no cost, the wines and liqueurs of Spain and Italy, Greece and Cyprus and Anatolia, and many of the little-known wines and brandies of France, everywhere throughout the island. To-day, you will find pretty well what you will find in England: the wine-lists in the hotels do not differ at all. The price is different, that is all.

I am not complaining about this. It is, of course, this difference in prices (not only of liquors and tobaccos, but of many other things as well), the low rate of income tax, the freedom from death duties and all the rest, that has brought about the boom in the Channel Islands.

The prosperity of Guernsey and Jersey, it has been said, rests on three T's—tourism, tax-avoidance and tomatoes. This is true, although some mention should also be made of cattle and potatoes. And it has all happened within the last eighty, mostly within the last forty, years. Saintsbury mentions "an unusually large proportion of persons of fair means." That is still true. But to them has been added an unusually large proportion of persons of large means. This applies to all the islands, and particularly to Jersey, which to-day houses an unusually large proportion of millionaires. This influx of wealth has caused the disappearance of Ampurdam and many another excellent cheap wine. The rich cannot afford to be adventurous in matters of this sort. It might be thought that they were ignorant or miserly.

One is inclined, at this distance, to think of the Channel Islands as one whole, each island differing from the others only in size and name. This is very far from the case. It might be said that Guernsey, Alderney and Sark, though they differ the one from the other in many ways, do form one whole, since they are all part of one bailiwick, the two smaller islands being more or less autonomous. But Jersey stands apart, not only politically—there are even Customs regulations between Guernsey and Jersey—but also in its way of life. And, quite apart from the natural inter-island rivalry, there is a difference of outlook and character which is quite startling.

Generalisations about the Channel Islands, and especially about Guernsey and Jersey, are two-a-penny. One of the most common (you hear it mostly in Guernsey, of course!) is: "Guernsey works, Jersey plays." Like all generalisations, it contains a half-truth. Jersey has concentrated on tourism to a much greater extent than has Guernsey and it is the holiday, almost carnival, atmosphere of Jersey that one notices rather than the good, solid work. In Guernsey, though tourism has certainly not been neglected (far from it), the reverse is the case.

Jersey has an area of 45 square miles and maintains a population of more than 55,000; a population which is steadily growing. One does not realise how heavily populated the island is because well over half the population is concentrated in and immediately around St. Helier (which has all the trappings of the conventional English seaside resort) and so the rest of the island seems rather empty, except perhaps at the height of the season. Although there is still some wild and very beautiful country, especially in the north, it is very highly cultivated and extraordinarily skilful use has been made of the natural inclination of the land towards the south. For all that, one does not get an immediate impression of intensive cultivation, but rather one of gentle rural activity: an impression enhanced by the little Jersey cows, each tethered and more often than not wearing a little green blanket, which you see almost everywhere.

Guernsey is smaller, only 30 square miles in extent, and even more heavily populated, for it supports a population in excess of 45,000. St. Peter Port (which looks like a port and a foreign one at that) accounts for some 18,000, so the rest of the island does not look empty. In fact, it looks very full indeed and tremendously highly cultivated. This is because the natural inclination of the land is towards the north, and so great use has had to be made of glass in order to ripen the tomatoes. Coming into Guernsey by air, you get the impression of one vast glasshouse: coming into Jersey by air, you get the impression of a gentle rural paradise. Jersey is notably beautiful: Guernsey notably purposeful.

That is another generalisation, of course. One gets slightly blinded by the glasshouses in Guernsey. I do not think that anyone could call the interior of Guernsey beautiful, but the coastline is superb, and there is a wonderful wealth of flowers, especially camellias, so that you may well be dazzled by colour if you are not mesmerized by glass. But it is glass that dominates the island: despite tourism and bikinis and the multitude of small pleasure craft, you do get a staggering impact of industry; the place hums like a hive. This is something you, or at least I, do not get in Jersey.

There can be no doubt about the prosperity of Guernsey and no doubt Guernsey has its millionaires but if so, then they are tucked away behind the glasshouses. You are not aware of them as you are in Jersey. There, they are not tucked away. There can be no doubt about the prosperity of Jersey, but the atmosphere is not one of industry so much as of luxury.

I think it is because of this that one becomes aware of an undercurrent of discontent. The B.B.C. "Panorama" team has recently high-lighted this in a series of interviews, but I do not consider that it is anything in the least serious. You find just the same atmosphere in Monte Carlo and all along the Riviera: it is something that millionaires in retirement or on pleasure bent generate. But Jersey, no less than the Riviera, would be lost without its millionaires and its tourists—and Jersey and Jerseymen know it.

I have come a long way from Ampurdam, which is what I meant to write about. I suppose it was thinking about Jersey that led me astray. For I do not believe that one would dream of looking for a bottle of Ampurdam in Jersey, whereas there might be just a chance of finding one in one of the back streets of St. Peter Port. And that is really the difference between the two islands. However, I had no luck at all. Or was I lucky? Can anyone tell me what the stuff tastes like?

TWO ASPECTS OF GUERNSEY: *Left*—**The fisherman is in his boat in All Saints Bay, a centre for crab and lobster fishing. The rugged coastline, broken by numerous inlets, is one of the great attractions of the island.** *Right*—**On and behind the quay at St. Peter Port, the capital, there is a mixture of old and new buildings. Guernsey is the second largest of the Channel Islands and its land is highly cultivated, especially for the growing of tomatoes. Jersey, which is the largest island, concentrates more on tourism.**

SAIL AND DIESEL

A Brigantine on the Thames ; An "Express" Launch for South America

On left—
A RARE AND SPLENDID SIGHT NEAR TOWER BRIDGE: The brigantine *Albatros* cuts through the water towards her anchorage on her arrival in London from the United States. The 97-ton sailing ship had crossed the Atlantic from New York to Land's End in nineteen days. Aboard was her owner, Ernest K. Gann, reputedly one of the most highly-paid authors in America. Sales of his books and their film rights are said to earn him £50,000 a year. He brought in *Albatros* a completed copy of the latest film to be made from one of his books—*Twilight of the Gods*. The ship's navigator for the transatlantic voyage was Dodie Post, former American ski champion and captain of America's Olympic team in 1948. She is one of the few woman navigators ever to have brought a vessel under sail across the Atlantic. *Twilight of the Gods* was written by Mr. Gann after a voyage to the South Seas in *Albatros* which is seen in the film. The craft has also been loaned by her owner for other films. The brigantine was built in Amsterdam in 1921 as a North Sea pilot vessel. During the last war she was used by the Germans first as a training ship in Hamburg and then as a direction-finding station for U-boats. In his current trip in Europe Mr. Gann, who bought the vessel in 1953, plans to take her for a visit to the German port.

On right—
SPEED TRIALS ON THE SOLENT: Leaving a long wake of foam, a new high-speed launch shows her paces on the Solent. In her trials off Spithead last week she reached a speed of over 37 knots. She has been built by the firm of Vospers, of Portsmouth, for the Compania Shell de Venezuela. She will be shipped to South America at the end of this month for passenger-carrying service to and from the company's oil derricks in the vast Lake Maracaibo. The launch is 80 ft. long and is powered by two Napier Deltic 18-cylinder diesel engines. The wheelhouse is placed well forward and high above the deck. This gives the steersman the best possible line of vision, essential on the lake in which much debris is often floating. The steering gear is hydraulically operated, but it can be used manually in the event of a power failure. The hull is constructed of all welded steel. The launch can carry sixty passengers. With this capacity and with her high speed and long range—8 hours running at 35 knots—she will be an important labour-saving addition to the company's fleet on Lake Maracaibo. Members of the staff have often to be carried considerable distances—sometimes as much as 70 miles from the shore—to reach the derricks.

LIVING UNDER A VOLCANO

Homes at the Foot of Mount Vesuvius

The phrase "living on the edge of a volcano" can be literally applied to those who dwell at the foot of Mount Vesuvius. Their humble homes stretch to the shore of the Bay of Naples. Most of the people are farmers and they labour long hours to scratch a semblance of a living from the land. The soil is of very poor quality, being almost entirely composed of lava which has streamed down the side of the mountain in the course of the centuries. Vesuvius became part of the history of human disaster in A.D. 79. A deluge of fire and ashes descended on the surrounding country, followed by earthquake and tidal-wave. Some 400 years later another eruption killed 18,000 people. In this century there was a major explosion in 1906 and the last minor eruption was in 1944. Although to-day the volcano is quiet, smoke pours continually from the crater and at night molten lava inside it gives out an appearance of flame. Life below Vesuvius cannot have many attractions. But the inhabitants seem to prefer staying where they are to moving elsewhere. Possibility of being caught unawares by an eruption is slight. An observatory near the summit of Vesuvius keeps constant watch on the crater's condition.

BELOW THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS VOLCANIC MOUNTAIN: Dwellings stretch from the base of Mount Vesuvius to the shore of the Bay of Naples, in Italy. The bank of lava in the foreground indicates the poor nature of the soil, which has suffered for centuries from the volcano.

A SOURCE OF INCALCULABLE DESTRUCTION: Smoke comes up from the crater of the volcano. The eruption of A.D. 79 was a major disaster of the Ancient World. *On right*—A local man stands with his daughter and dog on the lower slopes of the mountain which, although nowadays quiet, rarely lacks signs of its inward fires.

A TYPICAL DWELLING: It is a ramshackle building. But most people prefer to stay in the locality rather than move elsewhere.

A HARD LIFE: A farmer and his family outside their home. He works hard to scratch a living from the lava-covered earth.

EXPLODING AN ARSENAL OF BOMBS: Showering debris high in the air and shattering the building, a cache of bombs blows up in Famagusta. The arsenal, discovered by Security Forces in a Greek Cypriot athletic club, was deemed too dangerous to move and was exploded. The soldiers were searching for the murderers of a British officer and a soldier shot in a nearby store.

BITTERNESS IN CYPRUS

The Continued Wave of Violence: More Stringent Security Measures

With the shooting, bomb outrages and looting showing no signs of diminution, the situation in Cyprus last week was reported to be seriously alarming those responsible for maintaining order. Over sixty murders had been committed since the end of May. The great hopes which had been attached to the announcement of the British plan for the future of the island appeared to have been temporarily dashed, although it was believed that Athens and Ankara were having second thoughts about their intransigent attitudes.

Two British soldiers were ruthlessly murdered in a public street in Famagusta after Eoka had threatened revenge for the two Cypriots killed in a clash at Avgorou. Two wreaths at the Cypriots' funeral bore the inscription, "I shall avenge your blood," and were said to have been sent by the Eoka leader, Colonel Grivas. The two soldiers were the first Britons to be killed since May 4, when two military policemen were shot in the back in Famagusta. The names of the soldiers, who were both members of the Royal Horse Guards, were given as Cornet C. S. Fox-Strangways and Trooper J. R. Proctor. During the last few weeks the Greeks have been alleging that the authorities were not prepared to use the same strong-arm methods in dealing with Turkish riots as with Greek disturbances. This has been strongly denied in London.

SEARCHING FOR HIDDEN WEAPONS: British security forces patrol through the houses of the Greek and Turkish villagers of Avgorou, near Famagusta, looking for concealed arms. The search took place after a clash in Avgorou, in which two Greek Cypriots were killed and thirteen Greeks and twenty-two troops were injured.

CONFISCATED ARMS: Security forces examine some of the weapons found during a search of the houses of Avgorou. They include choppers, iron bars and truncheons. The search came after an incident of apparently minor importance. A patrol of men of the Royal Horse Guards arrived in the village at lunchtime and ordered a Greek Cypriot youth to erase a slogan condemning partition. When the youth refused, he was arrested. A mob of villagers, mostly women, then attacked the troops. During the scuffle the youth managed to escape.

On right—

ON GUARD IN CYPRUS: British soldiers stand by a barbed-wire barricade in a street in Nicosia. On the other side of the wire a Greek family loads a lorry with their possessions as they prepare to move out of the Turkish quarter. Greek shops in Turkish quarters have recently been often attacked by Turkish mobs and many Greeks have moved into Greek quarters of the town.

ALARMED ABOUT THE SAFETY OF THEIR CHILDREN: A British administrative officer, Mr. R. Browning, reassures a group of women from the village of Omorfita, a suburb of Nicosia. The women had marched towards Government House after incidents in the village during which Turkish youths forcibly tried to occupy Greek homes.

The Sphere of Travel

THE BASQUE COUNTRY

An Attractive Combination of Seaside Resorts, Delightful Inhabitants, and Strange Mountain Villages

By GORDON COOPER

HAVING travelled round the rim of Europe from the North Cape to Istanbul, I can think of no more attractive part of the coastline than that which borders the Basque countryside in France. For here one gets the best of two holiday lures: ocean and mountain. In addition, this unique corner of Europe offers a peculiar fascination in its inhabitants, of whom Voltaire remarked that they are " the people who dance, or rather jump, at the foot of the Pyrenees."

Strangely enough, although the Basque coast won its fame largely from the great number of Britons who frequented it in the years preceding the last war, yet with changing fashions the proportion of British is now very small indeed: French and Spanish are virtually the only languages heard. For many, this makes the holiday more agreeable. Access is easy, for in addition to direct express trains from Paris—a ten-hour journey—there is a BEA Viscount flight from London to Biarritz, the return tourist fare being only £37 9s.

The Bay of Biscay is not the Mediterranean. The heat is there, but a pleasing sea breeze rises in the evening to cool the nights. Palm trees flourish in the open, but rain-storms are not infrequent, though they often come at night and are usually short. The Basque coast offers the unusual combination of very hot days in a countryside nearly as green as that of England.

Biarritz is the largest of the resorts, and although it has many modern shops and amenities, it manages to retain its air of Second Empire elegance. The Empress Eugénie's palace, built of English bricks, is now the luxurious Hôtel du Palais. Little zig-zag paths, tamarisk-bordered, lead down from the cliffs to the Grande Plage. This is the fashionable beach, separated from the Old Port by rocks worn into fantastic shapes, with an outcrop of islets, one of which carries a statue of the Virgin. It is joined to the mainland by a causeway. The bay in which the Old Port is situated is well protected and used by the less expert swimmers; to the south of it stretches the Côte des Basques —formidable rock cliffs edged by sands where exciting surf-boarding can be enjoyed.

At this important centre there is a wide range of attractions, including first-class horse-racing and good golf. On the nearby La Negresse lake there is water-ski-ing. Riding stables, a superb swimming-pool at the Chambre d'Amour, and tennis courts give the energetic full opportunity for their favourite sports. Branches of the luxury trades of Paris open up for the season, which is one long round of galas and entertainments. The wealthy clientele means that it is not inexpensive, yet there are a number of modest hotels in addition to the palaces. The Aritz (which is a *logis*) is well spoken of, the inclusive rate being around £2 a day.

For those seeking a quieter environment, Bidart, four miles away, is a little resort of wide-eaved, white Basque houses and hotels on tall cliffs above a wide, sandy beach. The hotels are all small and charming: full season prices are around £2 a day. Guéthary is another recommended spot among rocks and vegetation, and it offers a fine coast view.

A few miles farther on is Saint-Jean-de-Luz, the great rival to Biarritz. It is really three places in one: an old town, mainly seventeenth and eighteenth century, a new town where most of the hotels are to be found, and Ciboure, on the southern side of the little harbour that now claims to be " the foremost tunny-fishing port in France." The church of St. Jean, which was founded in the thirteenth century, is a typical Basque church, with a wide vaulted nave surrounded on three sides by wooden galleries.

The Old Town is more truly Basque than anything Biarritz can offer; practically all that is left in Biarritz of its distant past is the *atalaye*, a watch-tower on the cliff from which smoke signals were sent whenever a whale was seen blowing in the bay. The old church, the white-washed beam-and-plaster Basque houses, the frequent games of *pelota* and performances of Basque dancing, are a great attraction of Saint-Jean-de-Luz, which is best known, perhaps, for two of the finest golf courses in Euro on which King Edward VII, when Prince of Wales, wa constant player. There is a fine sandy beach and ma good hotels in which the terms are reasonable.

Across the nearby frontier is San Sebastián, m fashionable of Spanish seaside resorts and the centre government during the hot summer months. It is leisurely kind of government, for departmental files conveniently left behind in Madrid—a useful excuse delay in dealing with departmental business! Needless say, too, the many good, generally old-fashioned hot become crowded out, so that early reservations are esse tial. Prices in Spain, although they have gone up a lit are still much lower than in France, especially if you ke in mind that you can legally buy pesetas from your ba in Britain at a much better rate than is obtainable f traveller's cheques in Spain. This can make a big differen to the cost of a holiday there. On the other hand, t food, though more than ample, is not prepared with an thing like the same art as in France and the hours for t main meals may take some getting used to. The hot dining-room may open at 8.30 at night, but it does no follow that you will get your dinner started before nin and even at that hour you will probably be forced to e your meal in solitude.

In San Sebastián in the narrow streets of the fishermen' town are shrimp-bars, where the seven o'clock feeling o emptiness may be overcome with *camerones* and *langostino* (shrimps and a cross between prawn and lobster), accom panied by dry sherry. Personally, I find this part of a Spanish day the most delightful time of all.

Adjacent to the French frontier is Fuenterrabía, whi is best described as being a modest, family seaside resor I would prefer to recommend, especially for those seekin a quiet holiday, the delightful Hostal de Jaizkibel (f miles inland), from which there is a superb panoramic vie of the Basque coast and of the mountains to the south It is an idyllic spot. West of San Sebastián, there is th Basque resort of Zarauz which is small, quiet and charmin with many seaside villas of the Spanish aristocracy at t foot of Monte Santa Bárbara. There is nothing to s there but to eat and sleep and bathe (sun-bathing has be done with more discretion than in France), but it perfect for a restful holiday.

On the Basque coast opportunities are offered fo interesting excursions into the hinterland. This countr side is, in a totally different way, as alluring as Provenc The villages on the hills, newly whitewashed every spring look clean and attractive. Often as you pass through yo will see the village priest busy teaching the children t play *pelota* against the side of the church—despite a not warning against the practice. At the inns of the frontie villages you will hear thrilling stories of smuggli

A TYPICAL BASQUE VILLAGE: In the brilliant sunshine sparkle the white walls and the gay paintwork of the houses of the small village of Sare, in the Pyrenees. Typical of Basque village churches is the stumpy tower; many of them have interior galleries. Uneven gables on the houses are characteristic of these villages. Some of the older houses are half-timbered.

CONTINENTAL DIESEL TRAIN SERVICES; AND SEA CRUISES

Speeds of over 80 miles an hour are no common for the new diesel expresses operating on many routes on the Continent. On the *Helvetia*, the Hamburg-Zürich express, h become German Railways' fastest train. Its t speed is 85 miles an hour, with an average 60 miles an hour over the entire distance. diesel express train called *The Komet* now opera daily between Hamburg and Basle. There are fi and second-class sleepers together with din cars, and amenities such as second-class carriag with reclining seats.

Between Lyons and Toulouse, Lyons a Nîmes, and Lyons and Marseilles, as well between Nice and Geneva, a panoramic die train will run this summer. In the centre of t car forty-four first-class passengers can be accom modated, while twenty-two second-class passeng can sit both in the front and in the re Although a speed of over eighty miles an ho can be reached by the diesel locomotive, the tr is intended for use on scenic runs.

Further news about developments in die trains comes from Moscow. The famous *A Arrow* night express between Moscow a Leningrad now has a diesel locomotive. Inste of taking 9 hours 40 minutes with three sto using a steam-engine, the journey now only tak 7 hours 55 minutes with only one short stop change crews. The main reason for the other t stops has been eliminated. There is now no ne to take on water.

Six winter cruises have been arranged b the Greek Line. The T.S.S. *Arkadia* lea Southampton on December 20, 1958, for

adventures that may well be more entertaining than strictly true.

There is a lot of good trout-fishing in the streams, and some salmon. The Nive, for one, can be rewarding, with Saint-Jean-de-Port as a centre. This quaint old town lies below the pass leading to Roncesvalles. From it you can take the road that was once trodden by the feet of countless pilgrims during the Middle Ages on the way to Saint James of Compostela. It crosses the frontier at Arnéguy and, once past the divide, falls away to Roncesvalles, where you may see the monastery in which Roland and the imaginary peers were buried. Then, if you have the energy, you can climb again for four miles on the old road to France and see the site of the historical battle where the Basques in ambush caught Charlemagne's rearguard and overwhelmed them with stones hurled from the rocks above. Eggihard, Anselm and Hrodland, Warden of the Marches of Brittany (the Roland of legend), were slain. Many other warriors have passed through the narrow defile, including the Black Prince, and Soult, attempting to surprise Wellington at the end of the Napoleonic Wars.

It is only in the villages of the hinterland that you will find the true spirit of the Basques, displayed in their folk music and dancing. These peaceful folk (whose origin remains a mystery)—the men with their inevitable berets—have an ineradicable taste for singing, dancing and acting. It requires little encouragement for a small group of them to start up an informal dance in some village street—even as early as eight in the morning. Youngsters, swaggering about in their fine costumes, perform the difficult dances with skill: one of these is the famous "Dance of the Glass" in which the dancer goes through a series of complicated movements round a tumbler filled with water, then leaps upon it with one foot in the air, balances himself for a moment and leaps off without upsetting or breaking it.

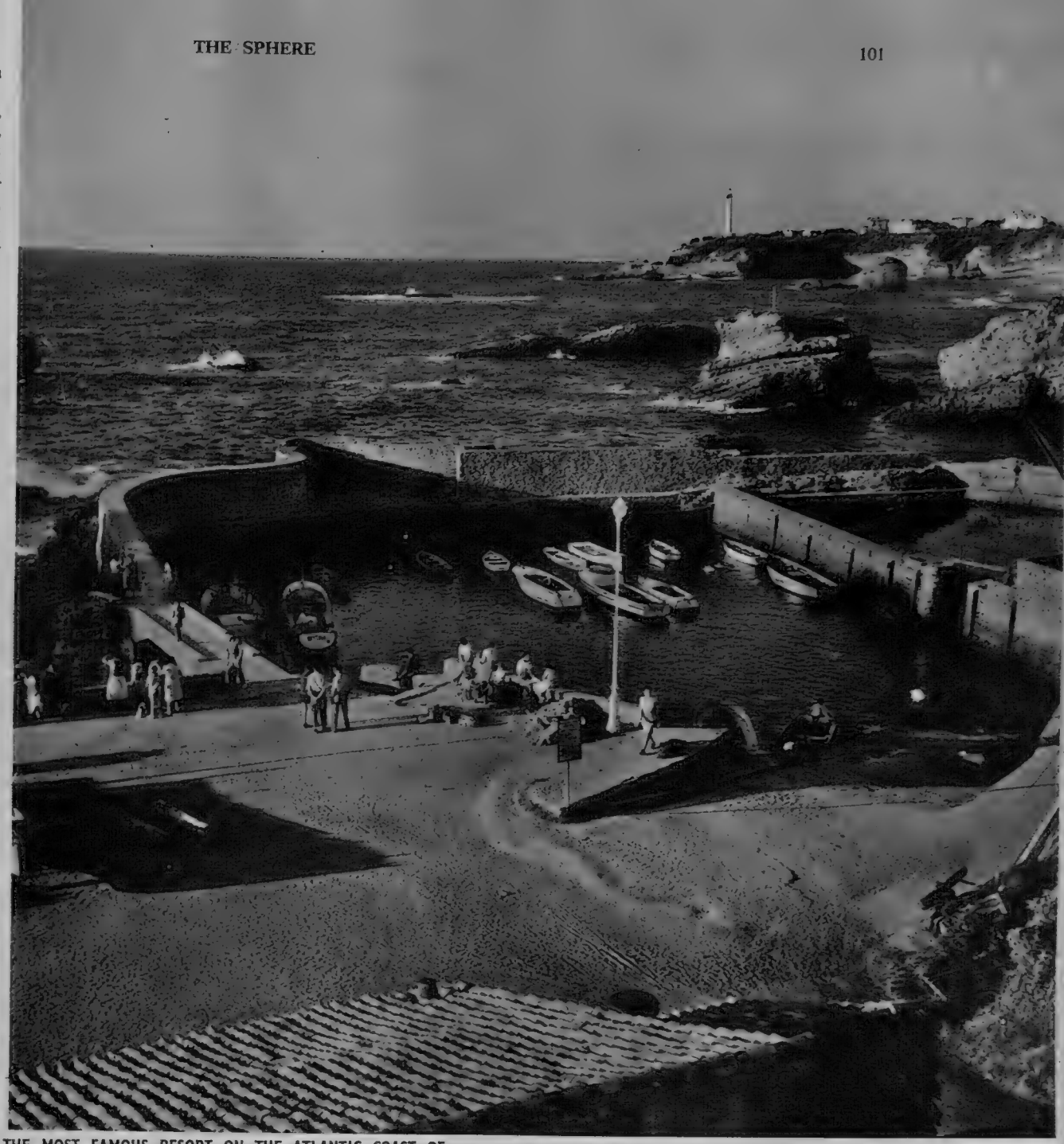
Besides Saint-Jean-de-Port, Cambo is a recommended centre for those who would like to holiday in a less sophisticated atmosphere. There are the many smaller villages where you have an even better opportunity of getting to know their delightful people, of whom Montaigne wrote: "The Basques were from time immemorial in such a happy position that no judge need trouble with their affairs, neither had any outsider to be called in to settle their quarrels. They avoid alliances and traffic with the outside world to keep their government incorruptible. They had their own manners and customs, their own costumes and their own government, which had been handed down from father to son, which they accepted without any feeling but reverence for its antiquity."

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION

French Government Tourist Office, 178, *Piccadilly*, *London*, *W.*1.

RECOMMENDED READING

The Basque Country, *by V. Rowe* (*Putnam's*. 18*s*.).
The Basques, *by Rodney Gallop* (*out of print*, *but available in libraries*).



THE MOST FAMOUS RESORT ON THE ATLANTIC COAST OF FRANCE: Standing on the threshold of the Pays Basque, is Biarritz. Holidaymakers sun themselves round the Port des Pêcheurs. *On right*—Breakers foam over the silver sands at Biarritz. Even in the calmest weather there are waves breaking on the coast; it is this which has given the name of Côte d'Argent to the whole of the Basque country. Situated at the foot of the West Pyrenees where the shore of the Landes, shaded with pine trees, merges with the rocks of the Basque coast, Biarritz is famous for its equable weather throughout the year and for the promenade extending along the shore. The municipal casino is open all the year.

RECOMMENDED HOTELS

San Sebastián	LONDRES E INGLATERRA, NIZA
Zarauz	GRAN
Biarritz	PALAIS, REGINA ET GOLF, AMBASSADE BOURGOGNE
Bidart	AUBERGE DU PIMENT ROUGE
Guéthary	ESKUALDUNA, PERERIA
Saint-Jean-de-Luz	CHANTACO, TOKI-EDER
Saint-Jean-de-Port	PYRENEES, ETCHE-ONA

NEW YORK ON A DOLLAR ALLOWANCE

Now that the United States is a holiday land for Britons, I recommend *New York on a Dollar Allowance*, by K. Westcott Jones, with a foreword by Mr. Douglas Fairbanks (Rockcliff. 5*s*.). It is an invaluable guide to the American metropolis, not least in its advice on how to spend a fortnight there without being very rich. Particularly helpful is the information relating to lodging and meals—both snares for the uninitiated. It is useful to know, for instance, where one can get a room with bath for as little as $8 a week, and how you can eat satisfactorily for as little as 80 cents at a drugstore or automat.

A useful end-paper map is a key to New York's subways, while other matters dealt with include travel formalities, sightseeing, public transportation, shopping, entertainments, and many useful tips, including advice on speaking the American language. Then tipping, that bane of many travellers, is sensibly explained. It is encouraging to note that a "Scotch" costs 90 cents to $1.20 in a bar, which compares very favourably with the 1,000-franc drink I recently had in Nice. A haircut at $1.50 (plus tip) is a shock, so see to this matter before leaving home—a tip, I find, which applies to most journeys abroad. My only criticism of this small guide is that it lacks an index.

seventeen-day cruise visiting Tangier, Las Palmas, Teneriffe, Madeira, and Lisbon, returning to Southampton on January 5, 1959. The T.S.S. *New York* makes a similar cruise on January 21, but visits Casablanca instead of Tangier. Fares are from £80. On the same day in January, British passengers can also leave on the T.S.S. *New York*, transferring to the T.S.S. *Olympia* at Casablanca for a forty-three-day cruise; £270 is the minimum fare quoted for this longer cruise. Three further cruises have been arranged for the T.S.S. *New York* on February 10, March 6 and March 24. The last-named is by far the cheapest. It lasts ten days and includes visits to Madeira, Lisbon and Vigo and fares are as low as £40.

For those who prefer to travel on a regular sailing here is a suggestion which is worth noting. Messrs. Bookers Bros. Limited, of Liverpool, own two ships, the S.S. *Amakura* and the S.S. *Arakaka*, which carry twelve passengers each on a regular run from Liverpool to Georgetown, British Guiana. The first-class fare single, and incidentally only first-class passengers are carried, is £95.

Preliminary details have been received of the new round-the-world service by the M.S. *Willem Ruys*, the 21,000-ton liner belonging to the Royal Rotterdam Lloyd. Service begins in 1959 and the voyage from Southampton and back to Southampton will last sixty-one days. In the meantime it is reported that extensive renovations and alterations are being made to the ship. This will provide first-class accommodation, which can be regarded as an alternative to the tourist one-class accommodation found on the *Southern Cross* service.

W. D. C. C.

THE SCENE OF THE FESTIVAL : In bright sunshine at the opening of the International Eisteddfod, some of the 10,000 competitors in their brilliant and brightly-coloured national costumes walk over the grass of the narrow valley of Llangollen. The huge marquee was packed on the opening day with people listening to the small choir contests and watching the folk-dancing competitions. The winners of the youth choirs competition, in which participants had to sing two set pieces, one by Elgar sung in English, the other by Palestrina in Latin, English or Welsh, were the girls' choir from the music school at Debrecen, Hungary, with an American choir second.

LLANGOLLEN EISTEDDFOD

The Famous Welsh International Folk-song Festival

A DRINKING SONG: Tambourines and a piano accordion accompany a traditional song, which is also mimed with empty wine-jars by members of the Valle dei Templi, from Sicily.

THE BRIDGE OF LLANGOLLEN : Across the narrow, ancient bridge over the River Dee march some of the early arrivals for the festival dressed in their national costumes. Because many thousands of people came to the little town, the bridge became so crowded that it was almost impossible to cross.

A NEW CHAPTER FOR SUBMARINE CABLE MAKERS

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

WHEN it was announced four years ago that a submarine telephone cable was at last to be laid across the Atlantic, the average telephone subscriber was probably not hugely impressed, and indeed may have found it difficult to believe that this was really the first one ever. In the days of nuclear power, supersonic flight and bouncing radar signals off the moon, ocean cables sounded a little Victorian. Had not a best-seller just been published telling the story of the cable-laying exploits of Brunel's ill-fated ship the *Great Eastern*? Besides, a regular radio-telephone service across the Atlantic had been available for many years (it came into operation first in 1927): wasn't reverting to telephony along cables a backward step?

Anyone who has talked to New York since the first cable link came into operation at the end of 1956 will have been reassured about the last of those questions, at least: the quality of the speech over the circuit is markedly better. At one demonstration shortly after the inauguration of the service, identical recordings of music were played at each end of the link, on one side of the Atlantic and the other, and the engineers kept switching from one source of music to the other. Indicators showed the change, but the experts who were listening at each end could not tell the difference. A call I had recently from Columbia University seemed to reproduce the voice a good deal more clearly than many internal British trunk lines do.

But the timing of this first transatlantic telephone link by cable, and the reason why it was not laid until just on a century after the first transatlantic telegraph, do take a little more explaining. Broadly, one might say that three-quarters of that century's delay was imposed by technical reasons, in that various elements of the cable simply could not have served in such a cable until, say, the late 1920's. The last twenty-five years' delay was imposed less by technical difficulties than by depression and war. It might reasonably be added, however, that it has also made possible continuous experimentation and improvement of the cable and equipment in question. A cable across the Atlantic might possibly have been laid by the beginning of the '30's, but its quality, and that of the amplifying equipment used at various points along it, could hardly have approached that of the cable link laid in 1954-56.

The distinction between the submarine telegraph cables which have been looped round the world since roughly the turn of the century and the submarine telephone cables which first came into service, over comparatively short distances such as Cuba to North America, just after the First World War, is primarily that for successful speech transmission. The cable must have much lower electrical losses than are acceptable for telegraph operation. The most effective way of achieving this has been improvement of the dielectric insulation which separates and surrounds the cable conductors; for telephone transmission, it has been necessary to achieve better dielectric qualities than can be obtained from the cable industry's traditional insulating material, gutta percha.

Gutta percha is a resinous plastic derived from the balan tree, extracted in somewhat the same way as rubber; its electrical properties are considerably better. Between the wars, research in Britain was concentrated upon improving the qualities of gutta percha while the Americans worked mainly on rubber. Eventually an artificial plastic for the purpose was developed from protein-free rubber mixed with resin-free balata, another natural plastic collected from trees found in the Amazon basin and the Guianas. This "paragutta," which was developed by the Bell Telephone Laboratories in the United States and first applied to a submarine cable, after an initial rejection of the idea, by the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company of Britain, enabled submarine telephone cables to be installed over considerably greater distances than before. It was at this time that the idea of a transatlantic telephone cable was conceived though not put into practice.

In the mid-thirties these patient attempts to improve dielectric materials based upon the natural substances were, to some extent, by-passed by Imperial Chemical Industries' development of polythene. This tough, flexible synthetic plastic has exceptional chemical and electrical properties: moreover, it became available at a time when demand for insulating material for all kinds of cable was rising sharply with preparation for war, and when supplies of the natural materials were first restricted for lack of shipping space and then partly cut off by the fall of Malaya. Polythene was first applied on a large scale to cable for the control of minefields. Later, large amounts were used for cross-Channel communications to support operations in North-West Europe.

With the end of the war came the full development of polythene-insulated submarine telephone cable. An Anglo-Dutch cable laid in 1947 was one of the first major developments. It consists of two co-axial conductors separated by a composite insulation, partly of polythene and partly of air space, inside which runs one copper cable and outside which runs the other, a helical wrapping of copper tape. This core, nearly 1¼ ins. in diameter, is surrounded by the jute wrapping and wire armouring that protects the cable. The Anglo-Dutch cable is 85 miles in length, and by use of the carrier system it can transmit eighty-four different conversations simultaneously.

In the transatlantic telephone cable project, first outlined in 1942 and carried forward by Britain's Post Office and America's Bell Telephone system, submersible repeaters are employed—fifty-one of them in each of the two cables spanning the deep-sea section from Scotland to Newfoundland. These are amplifiers with special long-life valves designed to remain in use under water for many years; they boost the signal and make it possible to carry the high-frequency speech transmissions across this vast distance. The Post Office cable ship *Monarch* laid the cable; nearly all of it was made by Submarine Cables Ltd., the company owned jointly by Telcon Ltd. and by Siemens-Edison-Swan Ltd., two major British companies in the cable field which thus amalgamated their ocean cable interests in the '30's. A special new factory was built at Erith, in Kent, to manufacture the two transatlantic telephone cables, about 4,150 nautical miles of it in all.

Manufacture of submarine cable is, in any case, an exacting business, since the product has to withstand considerable stresses under water without maintenance for many years (the "depreciation life" usually reckoned for a cable is seventy-five years). For the transatlantic telephone cable very tight process controls were exercised in the Erith factory: all critical operations were carried out in enclosed areas under positive pressure. The diameter of the central conductor of the coaxial cable was held to a tolerance of 0.0005 of an inch. Electrical tests were applied throughout manufacture; all joints were X-rayed and subjected to high-voltage tests. The submersible repeaters, too, had to be made to operate for years without the slightest maintenance.

Successful development of cable telephony over such long distances as this (transatlantic telephone traffic has more than doubled since the new cable came into operation) has opened a new chapter for the submarine cable makers. Since it completed these first cables, the Erith factory of Submarine Cables Limited has manufactured a large portion of a cable running from San Francisco to Honolulu, and it is now engaged upon 2,000 nautical miles more of a new cable to run from North America to France. This development of long-distance telephonic cables may mean, over a period of years, a good deal more "new construction" than the manufacturers had in recent years been able to count upon. The world's existing cable network requires a certain amount of replacement and maintenance supplies from year to year, but this is comparatively small in relation to the capacity of specialised equipment and of expert knowledge that such manufacturers have to keep in being.

There was a time, in the depression of the '30's, with radio communication growing and reliance upon telegraphy beginning to show some decline, when people doubted whether the British submarine cable industry could survive. The two companies concerned believed it could, as a combined operation; and it has. But it is not a way of getting rich quick. Sir John Dean, chairman of Telcon, summed it up this spring: "Whilst the long-term prospects are fair, profits are likely to be somewhat meagre in relation to the specialised nature of the business and the reliability and quality which are rightly expected."

LAYING THE TRANSATLANTIC CABLE—FLASHBACK TO 1955: *On the left* **the coaxial telephone cable moves slowly into the tank in the depths of the 8,050-ton British Cable Ship *Monarch* during the loading of the ship at Erith, in Kent. *Right*—The cable is stowed below. Before the ship set out the Postmaster-General (at that time Dr. Charles Hill) described the task of the *Monarch* as "being the most important assignment in the history of submarine telephony." The telephone came into use in 1956.**

ROCK DRILLING AT SPEED: At the Kariba hydro-electric power project in Rhodesia, batteries of drills, manufactured in Cornwall by the Holman Company, are being used in the driving of a tunnel which will divert the waters of the Zambesi.

IN THE COUNTRYSIDE: The mobility of compressors means that pneumatic tools can be used in almost inaccessible places. The chain saw for tree-felling is powered by the Tractair (a combination of a Fordson Major tractor and a Holman portable compressor).

On left—

AN AIR-OPERATED IMPACT WRENCH IN ACTION: This pneumatic tool has an impact and turning action and its normal use is for tightening and removing nuts. It is also ideal for removing bound nuts which would otherwise have to be split or burnt off. In this picture it is seen in use in a ship during repairs when 2,000 condenser and heater tubes had to be expanded in position.

DIGGING DOWN THE WALLS—THE LAST DAYS OF A THEATRE: High above London's Kingsway, Holman rippers are being used to demolish the walls of the Stoll Theatre. The "top men" work in pairs as they wield their 73-lb. machines on the thick walls.

A ONE-MAN MACHINE: The Silver Three drill which is mounted on a pneumatic pusher leg uses tungsten-carbide-tipped steels. In 1955 five of these drills established a record in advancing a tunnel 557 ft. in one week.

REDUCING THE DUST HAZARD: In rock-drilling water is used for damping down the dust, but in roof drilling, another system is required. *Left*—Dust swirls round the operator as he drills in preparation for roof bolting. *Right*—With the Dryducktor system the dust is extracted in a dry state by vacuum through the machine to a disposal point.

COMPRESSED AIR FOR INDUSTRIAL PURPOSES

Compressed air power has brought a new era of skill above and below ground. As a means of applying mechanical energy it is flexible, safe, clean, and easy to handle. Prominent in mining machinery development for the past 150 years, first in steam and later in air compressors and power drills, has been the Holman family of the Cornish town of Camborne, members of which were close colleagues of Richard Trevithick, the steam-engine pioneer. The Holman Company was one of the few of the large Cornish engineering firms to survive the depression in the latter part of the nineteenth century, and to-day it is the largest manufacturer of compressed air equipment in the Commonwealth. It serves not only mining and civil engineering, but also every other branch of industry.

Briefly, a compressed air installation consists of the source of power (a stationary or portable compressor with its prime mover—petrol, diesel or electric powered), air receivers, and a distribution system to take the air to the points of application. The uses of compressed air are myriad. In mining, apart from powering the rock drills and air motors, as well as supplying the pneumatic action to the supporting leg, it is used in rock removal equipment, hoists, winches, pumps, ventilation fans, etc. The increasing use of powered tools inevitably increases the health hazards due to the creation of dust in many operations. As a result, pneumoconiosis—dust in the lungs, particularly in silica areas—continues to take its toll. Damping-down methods using water in conjunction with the air-operated tools are now very common, but the Holman Company has pioneered another system which is being widely used. This involves the extraction of the dust in a dry state by vacuum. In rock drilling the dust is taken through the drill steel and through the drill itself and away from the operator to a disposal point. The same company has also applied the system to other industries, such as foundries, where grinding, fettling chisels and other dust-creating hand-held power tools (whether air- or electrically-operated) are in use.

Another Holman application of compressed air is in the automatic control of production processes. Compressed air power can save time, ease physical labour, increase accuracy and reduce costs. It can be made to clamp, turn, tilt, grasp, roll, lift, push, pull and carry. Relatively low expenditure on air cylinders and control valves can mean the adaptation of existing plant to semi- or completely automatic operation. Pneumatics can provide remote control for clutch mechanisms or safety guards; feed workpieces into position; control the direction of conveyers; apply power to feed cutting tools at accurately controlled speeds, with a possibility of quick approach and rapid return; and even, through a system of air gauging, inspect the finished product.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—

A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas

A NEW BRIDGE FOR THE ISLE OF SHEPPEY

The two aerial views show work in progress on the construction of the new Kingsferry Bridge over the River Swale between the Kentish mainland and the Isle of Sheppey. It will replace the old road-rail lifting bridge which is seen to the right in the picture *above*. In the *left-hand* picture it is in the foreground. The replacement has become necessary owing to the increase in the size of the vessels using the Swale and the damage caused to the old bridge by ships passing through the present cramped fairway. In the design for the new bridge the fairway will be increased to a width of 95 ft., as the structure will contain a vertical lifting span in the centre. This will be carried on four reinforced concrete towers about 100 ft. high and the clearance from high water to the underside of the raised section will also be 95 ft.

The 650-ft.-long bridge will consist of two main piers flanked by approach piers on each side with shore abutments and new approach roads nearly three miles long. It will have an overall width of more than 50 ft., which will include the railway track, a 24-ft.-wide roadway and a 6-ft. pathway. Excavation for the first main pier is now complete at 65 ft. below high-water level in the 100 ft. by 42 ft. cofferdam which is seen in the centre of the two pictures. The cofferdams at the site are both larger and deeper than those constructed for the Waterloo Bridge across the Thames. Work on the site began in December of last year and the bridge is expected to be ready in 1960. It is being built for the Kent County Council by John Howard and Co. Ltd., civil engineering contractors ; the Consulting Engineers are Mott Hay and Anderson, and the structure of the bridge itself will be undertaken by Dorman Long and Company.

MOTOR-BOATS AND CABIN CRUISERS

Recent Developments in Marine Diesel Engines and in Methods of Construction, Especially the Use of Fibreglass

By GABOR DENES

THE tremendous increase in the popularity of sailing, among the widest spheres of the public, has perhaps a little overshadowed the advances made by power craft. Although in many ways this progress is similar to that of sailing—the vast number of miscellaneous small sailing dinghies have their equivalent in the numerous types of small inboard and outboard runabouts and launches—the reason for the progress is perhaps slightly different, as, on the whole, motor-boating appeals to another section of the population.

Many people think that sailing is more difficult to learn, whereas "driving" a boat is not all that different from driving a car. They also feel that it is less hazardous, more comfortable, and, in many cases, their recreation takes place on waters which are not so suitable for sailing.

The larger motor-cruisers and yachts have benefited greatly by the development of diesel engines. The modern marine diesel is easy to operate, and the oil fuel used is much cheaper than petrol. Against this latter advantage the higher initial cost must be taken into account, and in the case of smaller vessels the greater weight. On balance, the diesel is definitely winning for most types of cruising vessels, and it speaks well for its simplicity and reliability that more and more motor-cruisers especially built for hire (e.g., on the Norfolk Broads) are fitted with diesels, and they stand up well to the hardships of being handled by inexperienced and non-mechanically-minded people.

As stated, marine diesels are much more expensive to buy and install than petrol engines of similar performance, but, once installed, they pay their way by reduced maintenance costs and fuel bills. This seems to make them almost universal for cruising craft, where generally excessive speed is not one of the requirements. Objections, such as the unpleasant smell of diesel fumes, have been dealt with by the designers of modern motor-cruisers and yachts by improved ventilation systems and judicious placing of engine exhausts.

In this country high taxation has sadly reduced the number of people who can afford really large, luxurious motor yachts, and only a few of these have been built since the war, but there are still a good number built every year of a smaller size, say, under 45 ft. As all these are individually designed and built, the variety is tremendous, and each vessel has its own particular character, and correspondingly high cost of construction.

New building materials have made their appearance, steel and light alloy have been used here and there, and more recently fibreglass has entered the scene, although as yet for smaller vessels only. Several firms have attempted to introduce standardised designs, both in the traditional (wooden) methods of construction, and in metal and particularly in fibreglass, where great economies are possible by making a number of hulls with the same mould. As a result there are now small motor-cruisers in the range of between 20 and 30 ft. and of standardised designs. In some cases it is only the hull that is standard, and purchasers can have the rest of the boat completed and fitted to suit their own requirements, in others the whole vessel has become a "stock" boat, which can be bought or ordered "off the peg," so to speak. A fine example of such a "stock" boat is the Thornycroft 28 ft. 6 ins. glass-fibre cabin cruiser, which is at present on show at the Brussels Exhibition as a representative sample of British boat-building.

SKATING ACROSS THE FACE OF THE SEA: The speed launch is a Fairey Marine Limited a hull 15 ft. long structured out of hot-moulded plywood. Equipped Fairey Marine conver a Ford Consul engine motor can be placed aft by means of an inboard-outboard

On left—

A FAIREY MARINE L Fitted with an o motor, this small launch leaves a wake behind as it across the water. A firms still lead in the facture of outboard especially in the sized high-powered where they have duced many refin

A SUCCESSFUL "STOCK" DESIGN: Pacemaker 19, a small two-berth outboard cruiser, was built by Port Hamble Ltd. An outboard motor ensures there is more space on board.

ON TOW: Mr. Donald Healey stands by the door to his Austin Gipsy, before starting on the journey to tow his Healey Sports Boat, built at the Warwick factory. He was on his way to Aix-les-Bains to compete in the 24-hour International Grand Prix d'Endurance.

This cruiser is suitable for sheltered waters and cruising, has sleeping accommodation for four, necessary galley and other facilities, a large cockpit the Thornycroft 30 b.h.p. diesel gives her a speed of

As a contrast, the Clipper Marine Company's 48 ft. 6 in. Sea Clipper, built of steel, is a tough seagoing craft which is produced for the export market. The purchaser can choose power installation; this will greatly affect the cost price range of diesels of similar performance, different manufacture, is very wide indeed. The of this craft, which was shown at the last Natio Show in London, had twin Lister 6-cylinder handed marine diesels. The accommodation is for four to six, with an additional berth forward for

Two other examples of smaller, extremely fast boats come to mind. Made of glass fibre thro where the hull and the superstructure are each m one piece, the two-berth, 20-ft. shoal-draft moto made by W. and J. Tod Limited is capable of 3 with her two Penta engines.

The Fairey Marine Christina is made of hot plywood, a method of construction in which specialises: 23 ft. long, with two berths, it is cla this little motor-cruiser is capable of 30 knots with an imported marine petrol engine.

A CABIN CRUISER MADE FROM FIBREGLASS: The interior of the cabin cruiser built by Thornycroft is roomy and well appointed, as can be seen in this view of the saloon. *On right*—Moving steadily on the river is the Danielle class cruiser. It is a "stock" boat—it can be bought complete from the makers. At present on show at the Brussels Exhibition as a sample of British boat-building, the vessel is 28 ft. 6 ins. long with a moulded fibreglass hull, sleeping accommodation for four, a large cockpit aft and a Thornycroft diesel of 30 b.h.p. It is suitable for sheltered waters and for coastal cruising and has a speed of 8½ knots.

AMID CLOUDS OF SPRAY: Moving at speed across the small waves with the sun glinting on the brightly-polished metalwork is an express cruiser of the Monaco class designed and built by Morgan Giles Ltd., of Teignmouth. It is a "stock" design, 35 ft. long, with twin screws, and capable of speeds up to 18 knots. Engines are fitted to the buyer's requirements.

A TOUGH SEA-GOING CRAFT: In this view can be seen the bows of the Sea Clipper. Made of all-welded steel by the Clipper Marine Construction Co. these vessels are mainly for export.

In the field of small open motor-boats, including runabouts, speedboats and ski-ing boats, ranging from about 12 ft. to 16 ft., the variety of types available is immense. For such purposes the petrol engine is still unchallenged, and the efficiency of inboard and outboard engines has been greatly improved.

British outboard engines, especially in the smaller power range, have a fine reputation for reliability and sturdiness, but in the high-powered range, the American manufacturers have gained a considerable lead. Various refinements have been introduced, such as electric starting, remote fuel supply, gear-changes, and also a great reduction of noise. In all these, British outboards are lacking, and, particularly now that import restrictions on American engines have been relaxed, the home manufacturers are likely to suffer.

Our inboard small marine engines, on the other hand, and the many types of hulls designed and made in this country, leave nothing to be desired, and enjoy great success in the export market.

Design and methods of construction allow for a vast diversity of light motor-boat hulls, and ranging from the simplest plywood hull—several of these are within the capabilities of the amateur boat-builder—through fibreglass, light-alloy, hot-moulded ply to the finest traditional wooden craft, boats are available to suit most pockets. Naturally the cost of such craft is greatly affected by the performance demanded; after all, there is a great difference between a 14-ft. runabout for use on the river at, say, 5-6 knots, and the speedboat of the same size to be used for towing a water-skier at a speed in the range of 30-35 knots. Apart from the difference in the construction of the hull, a small outboard engine for pottering about can be bought for about £30-£35, whereas an American mammoth outboard of great horse-power may cost twenty times that amount.

One of the best known examples is the Healey Skimaster, of which many have been exported. The wooden hull is driven by a marine conversion of an Austin engine, or by a 30-h.p. American outboard, and the speed obtained is about 30 knots.

Fairey Marine Limited have recently produced a 15-ft. high-speed launch, with the hull made of hot-moulded plywood. It is available for outboard propulsion, or equipped with a Fairey Marine conversion of a Ford (Consul) engine. This is fitted with an ingenious inboard-outboard drive, which makes it possible to have the engine mounted right aft, with the controls placed at a forward steering position.

Needless to say, most of these small motor-boats can be moved on a trailer, towed by a motor-car, and thus their owners have a wide choice of waters at their disposal, and there is even an outboard runabout on the market which incorporates its own retractable wheels.

SMALL AND FAST: Made of fibreglass throughout is the 20-ft. cruiser built by W. and J. Tod Ltd. It is capable of 30 knots and is equipped with two Penta engines.

The World of Books

THE SPICE OF LIFE

A High-Society Autobiography; An Author Recollects His Childhood; Paradise in Malaya; Secrets of the War Office; A New Novel by H. E. Bates

I SUPPOSE it *would* be possible to read too many autobiographies and to have a surfeit of them, but I can scarcely imagine such a circumstance, so fabulously varied are they and so different each author's approach—let alone each author's career. EDWARDIAN DAUGHTER (Hamish Hamilton. 21s.), for instance, by Sonia Keppel, daughter of that famous beauty, Mrs. George Keppel, is nothing short of a treat. Here is feminine autobiography at its best: warm, unaffected, partisan without malice, deeply affectionate in much of its portrait drawing yet unsentimental, intimate and unfailingly dignified.

Miss Keppel has a sister who is ten years older than her and, according to the writer, had the makings of a beauty and an intellectual right from the start, whereas our Miss Keppel insists that she could claim neither quality. Nevertheless, she has written the most touching tribute to her well-loved mother and father that any parents could wish and has given us all a picture of Edwardian and later George V society in London and its country-house corollaries that is stereoscopically brilliant and quite unforgettable. Some of the anecdotes are delicious, many of them amusing and one or two original, obviously beyond the fear of any imitation.

BRING BACK THE DAYS (Michael Joseph. 21s.) provides the kind of contrast I mentioned earlier, although it is just possible that each book will be appreciated by a different public. Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson, novelist of many years' standing and author of that best-seller of the '20's, *If Winter Comes*, has written his autobiography. When the publishers refer to his style as characteristically whimsical they are announcing nothing but the truth. Mr. Hutchinson's childhood was Victorian, or at least lived in Victorian days in India, where his father was an officer in the Indian Army, and later Southsea and a small town in Devon. The book closes with his boyhood. Perhaps there will be further volumes to come. In the meantime the reader is given a droll, Hutchinsonesque series of nostalgic impressions.

A FAMOUS EXPLORER-AUTHOR RELAXES: Thor Heyerdahl (right) is seen with his nineteen-year-old son in the hills above Alassio near Laigueglia, on the Italian Riviera. The explorer of Kon-Tiki fame recently spent a holiday camping there. Mr. Heyerdahl's latest book is *Aku Aku: The Secret of Easter Island*. It was reviewed in the issue of "The Sphere" of April 5 last.

The deep jungle of Northern Malaya is called the *ulu* and there, in the 1930's, a young anthropologist called Pat Noone began the pioneer work, the exploration, the mapping and the study of the peoples of the region which have since made his name legendary in the country. It is one of the reasons why he is spoken of to this day with such respect and affection. Another and stronger reason is that when Pat Noone began to examine the life and traditions of the Temiar people, the aborigines of this almost inaccessible place, he found that they were the only people who had found the secret of harmonious co-existence. He made them his people, he married one of their headman's daughters and devoted himself to them. During the war he fought against the Japanese with the Argyll and Sutherlands and when he was separated from them, retreated into the jungle to carry on the fight from there. He was never again seen alive after 1943 and it was General Templer, ten years later, who appointed his brother Richard to be head of the Department of Aborigines; a position in which he could serve his country against the terrorists, pursue Pat's research and possibly find out something about Pat's death.

NOONE OF THE ULU (Heinemann. 21s.) is the story of what he found, told by Mr. Dennis Holman who accompanied Richard Noone deep into the Temiar country last year and has recorded what is known of Pat Noone's end and much of what is known of the Temiar, the primitive jungle people who have an almost idyllic pattern of life when left to themselves. An extraordinary and exciting book, told without flourishes but with enormous effect.

Mr. John L. Brom went on the Kon-Tiki expedition. Recently, he has travelled up and down Africa taking photographs for a film company whose idea of a reasonable assignment might be contained in a cable asking for: "Python strangling native Stop Rhinoceros elephant buffalo or crocodile fight Stop Gorilla giving breast to young Stop Male gorilla carrying off black woman Stop Scene Lions devouring antelope interesting but not close enough."

20,000 MILES IN THE AFRICAN JUNGLE (Gollancz. 21s.) is one of the results of this exceptionally hazardous journey, made alone in a tough little motor whose last solitary driver had gone mad. Some marvellous photographs which one would have thought enough for any film company, and a lively, chatty text.

Major John Foley spent five post-war years at the War Office, years in which he plumbed the deepest intricacies of the In and Out tray system, got lost in the M.I.5 corridors and re-directed by a mature elderly lady and dealt with various crises ranging from a Royal Visit to a postcard announcing in a menacing way that: "Space is going fast at the Trumpeting Exhibition." Irreverent, full of spirit and much funnier than most things that come out of that august building, I recommend BULL AND BRASS (Cassell. 12s. 6d.) to all those not planning a military career.

MASTERS OF CRICKET (Heinemann. 15s.) is topical, welcome and highly diverting if you hold the informed point of view about the great game. Mr. Jack Fingleton is himself a first-class cricketer, has scored 1,200 runs for Australia in Test Matches, once set up a Test record with Don Bradman and is at present Parliamentary correspondent at Canberra and, for our pleasure and instruction, writer on cricket past, present and future. In the new book Mr. Fingleton takes the great players from Trumper to May, analyses their style, their performances and their training and criticises or praises with the authority that is his own.

I am sure that the past generation of those who were young men and women at the turn of the century must be a little surprised, such of them as notice it, by the contemporary interest in clothes. Feature articles are devoted to it in newspapers, men and women are willing to discuss and read about fashions, and serious volumes on the subject are seriously accepted. The latest is Miss Iris Brooke's DRESS AND UNDRESS—*The Restoration and Eighteenth Century* (Methuen. 30s.) and this she has both written and illustrated with her own graceful line drawings. Miss Brooke explains that this phase, roughly 1660 to 1800, was the only one in our social history in which "undress" was a recognised variation from contemporary fashion, and also points out that the book's purpose is both to show the clothes and to explain their construction for the benefit of stage designers. A charming book, full of information.

Novel of the week is Mr. H. E. Bates' THE DARLING BUDS OF MAY (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.) which, on one side, is hilariously amusing and, on another, an inspired, almost devout appreciation of the glorious bounty of nature, whether nature expresses herself in love-making, in food, in horses, in flowers or in nightingales. This is not Mr. Bates writing as we have known him to write in the past but a writer in a totally new mood of vigorous, earthy gaiety, of comic invention and wildly funny scenes.

The hero and heroine of this story are Pop and Ma who, with their six children, live untidily but abundantly in a countryside which might, with its cherry orchards and strawberry fields, be Kent. They eat and love and laugh and eat again. When a young man from the Inland Revenue comes to see them about their unpaid income-tax they think it the biggest joke in the world and before he knows where he is, he has been more or less adopted by them, is eating their incredible food (lashings of cream and tomato ketchup on practically everything) and falling in love with their eldest daughter. He never does collect the tax but he has a wonderful time. So do Ma and Pop. And so does the reader.

In Mr. Frederic Raphael's novel, THE EARLSDON WAY (Cassell. 16s.), nobody has a very good time. The scene is a London suburb, implacably respectable and therefore implacably harsh to those who offend against its negative code. A father, a mother and a daughter form the nucleus of the plot and illustrate one of the author's themes which is evidently that the young have collared most of the virtues. The woman is conventionally mindless, the father no fool but sadly lacking in charm, the girl ready to fall passionately in love or to be a tender, understanding friend with all the adaptability of a young, pretty, self-dramatising woman.

In the neat frame of suburbia, with its lending library and model yacht club, cracks begin to appear and through these cracks blow in the cold east winds of anti-Semitism, half-baked Communism, business treachery, squalid lusts and broken friendships. The wife suffers least, the husband most, even to an unfair extent, and the only gleam of happiness is for the girl. A depressing story in its conclusions but I should add that Mr. Raphael has a very real talent for story-telling.

O WESTERN WIND (Robert Hale. 12s. 6d.) is a romantic story of Cornwall and of the founding of that other Plymouth across the Atlantic in the days of the Pilgrim Fathers. Mr. Robert Payne, that many-sided author, has brought considerable verve to his reconstruction of the brave and hazardous old days and, I would guess, a solid background of painstaking research.

WHO GOES HANG? (Gollancz. 15s.) is a House of Commons detective story by Mr. Stanley Hyland, who knows the Palace of Westminster like the back of his hand and parliamentary procedure, too. This is definitely not a thriller nor intended as one, but a sober and rather fascinating excursion into the fantastic (we hope) reality of what happens when a murdered body is found in Big Ben's tower.

Vernon Fane

HEAD OF PROTOCOL

The Observations of a French Diplomatist

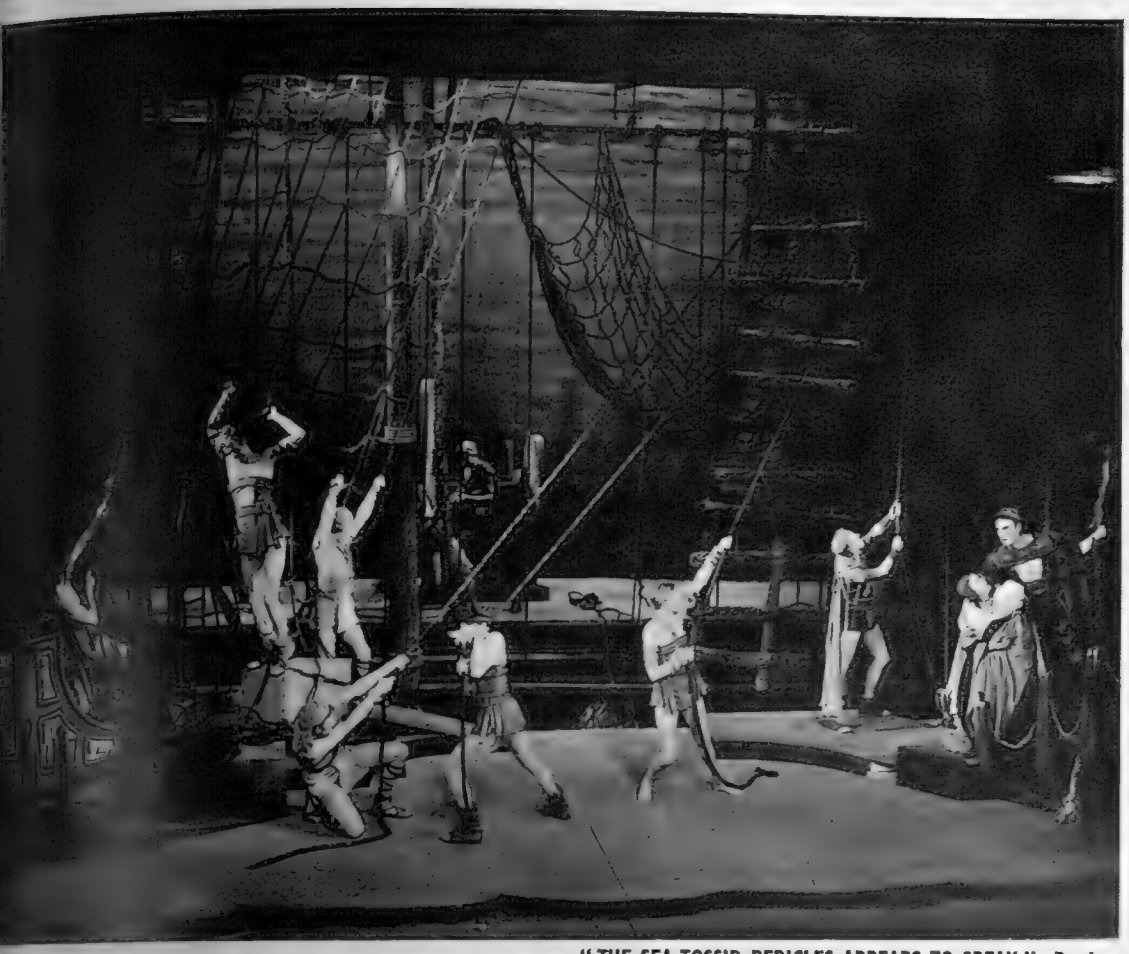
Before he died, Jacques Dumaine, Head of Protocol in the French Foreign Ministry in the immediate post-war years between 1945 and 1951, wrote a diary of the events of the day as he saw them from his windows at the Quai d'Orsay. It is a very frank diary about all the great and the near-great whom he met in his everyday encounters; one critic has called it more than that—a masterpiece of calculated indiscretion. The English edition of QUAI D'ORSAY 1945-51 (Chapman and Hall. 30s.) now makes its appearance, and the preface is written by François Mauriac. He describes Dumaine as a diplomat, a son of a diplomat, a rare spirit who understood that rare art of contriving to give every man his due. In some ways this is a most saddening document, for beneath Dumaine's mockery one sees his own sadness at the deterioration of France and his own unhappy comparison between the France he served and that for which his father toiled in the same field in the years before the First World War.

One can be quite sure that many eminent men will turn in this diary to the index pages first, if only to ascertain what M. Dumaine had to say about them; for in his lifetime they could never have guessed that the pleasant, always charming, smile of the Head of Protocol hid behind it such a genius for shrewd observation. De Gaulle he describes as he was exactly ten years ago, waiting in the wings to oust the usurpers and to take over his historic mission of saving France. "The General ignores other people's pride and will certainly not tolerate any slight to his own" was the verdict of M. Dumaine. By contrast M. Schuman, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1950, is revealed as a supremely modest man of great character and delicacy in his human relations.

In 1950 and 1951 M. Dumaine described visits to London and to Washington. One observes that a trip to Bermondsey and dockland with adipose Ernest Bevin entranced him, and he liked the look of the well-nourished children. In Washington Dumaine recognised the muffled atmosphere he had known before, the one-track mindedness of politicians who can only stop talking politics when the cocktails they have swallowed have made them "cast off from the bank," disorientated their minds and put them at the mercy of the elements. This is a breath-taking diary, written with wit and without malice.

From diligent research among new and old materials Fritz-Otto Busch has pieced together the lives of the Jewish rulers of the period when the centuries change from Before Christ to *Anno Domini*. He calls his book THE FIVE HERODS (Robert Hale. 21s.). He deals with Herod the Great, his wives, and the son, grandson and others of his name who succeeded him. The personalities of the Roman world, and not least Pontius Pilate, Titus, Mark Antony and Cleopatra all appear in these graphic pages. Herr Busch, who has hitherto been known as a writer on naval affairs, reveals in his new book his lifelong interest in biblical scholarship.

Wanda Neill Tolboom's ARCTIC BRIDE (Robert Hale. 18s.) is the story of a young woman who, born



"THE SEA-TOSS'D PERICLES APPEARS TO SPEAK": During his stormy career, Pericles, Prince of Tyre, is more than once shipwrecked. His worst disaster occurs when he is on his way back to Tyre with Thaisa, whom he has recently married, and their just-born daughter Marina. In this scene from Shakespeare's little-performed play at Stratford, Pericles (extreme right), played by Richard Johnson, holds the nurse (Mavis Edwards), who is clasping the baby Marina. The mariners, superstitious that the storm will not abate unless the dead are thrown overboard, force Pericles to abandon Thaisa to the waves. This play, containing passages of poetry forecasting *The Tempest*, leaps, disregarding the Unities, across continents, time, plots and disasters; a gallimaufry of Arabian Nights incidents is linked only by the story-teller. In the Stratford production by Tony Richardson, Gower, the story-teller, is played by Edric Connor, the West Indian actor. He sings the doggerel, supported by nautical choruses and Eastern music. The play unfolds as a naïve fantastic dream as imagined by the group of sailors listening to Gower.

AN ILL-FATED PRINCE: Pericles is played in the current production of the Stratford season by Richard Johnson, and the Prince's daughter, Marina, by Geraldine MacEwen.

"WHAT WORLD IS THIS?" Thaisa (Stephanie Bidmead) wakes from her trance in the coffin in which she was thrown from the ship. Behind her is Cerimon (Anthony Nicholls), under whose influence she comes to life again.

CLASSIC DRAMA OF WEST AND EAST

'COME TO SING A SONG THAT OLD WAS SUNG": Gower, the story-teller, whose rhymed doggerel joins the improbable incidents together, is played and sung by Edric Connor, the West Indian actor. Others in the cast of Pericles at Stratford include Angela Baddeley as the Bawd, Patrick Wymark as Boult, Rachel Kempson as Dionyza, and Mark Dignam as Simonides.

ORIENTAL ELEGANCE AND PRECISION: Members of the Classical Theatre of China enact the story of Tiger Valley. In the episode from the programme at the Adelphi Theatre, in London, are an old man and two girls, who rescue the hero captured by the local tyrant. The old man proves to be the youth's future father-in-law and one of his daughters the girl to whom he was betrothed. Presented by the Britain-China Friendship Association and introduced by Henry Oscar, the ensemble present their episodes with a precision and an athleticism which are the result of long and rigorous training. One routine took fifteen years to perfect. This is Szechow City, a tale of gods, mortals and battle, danced with vivid, traditional symbolism.

Kelwood, Manitoba, and educated in Winnipeg, forsook onventional wedding bells and went north in the R.M.S. *Nascopie* as the bride-elect of Wulfert Tolboom, Hudson's Bay manager at Povungnetuk. Of the bride nd bridegroom's everyday life among the Eskimos we ave an enchanting glimpse, and it is made all the more leasant because Mrs. Tolboom is such a very good writer.

Harry Procter calls his book THE STREET OF DISILLUSION (Allan Wingate. 15s.), adding on the dust-acket the illuminating sub-title "the confessions of a ournalist." What is worrying Mr. Procter, it seems, is hat after half a working lifetime in Fleet Street he now uspects that much that Fleet Street does is time-wasting, atiguing, unnecessary and quite scandalous, not least routing-out skeletons from family cupboards and etting among the bereaved widows and others in distress. he book is said to be written in a mood of spiritual isgust. One doubts if it adds one jot to our knowledge f Fleet Street.

LILLI AND THE HIPPOPOTAMUS (Secker and Varburg. 21s.) is an unusual travelogue by Peter Beale. he twenty-one-year-old author describes his adventures n a two-year hitch-hike from London to Singapore. illi was his girl friend, a champion Italian swimmer, nd the hippo was a middle-aged lady inmate from the alcutta Zoo. One gathers that with both of them oung Mr. Beale fell very much in love.

MAD FOR KEEPS (Arco Publications. 25s.) is a mposium of humour from America's most off-beat agazine *Mad*. Ernie Kovacs writes the introduction. ery little in the American scene has escaped the cheerful vipes of the editors.

R. C. E.

"OPEN HOUSE" AT GREAT BARDFIELD

An Exhibition of Works by Artists Living in the Old Houses of the Village in Essex

GREAT BARDFIELD: This view of the village in Essex shows Crown House, the home of George Chapman. Artists living in the village are holding an exhibition of their work in the setting of their homes and studios.

IN HIS STUDIO: George Chapman stands in front of pictures of South Wales mining villages and figure subjects of coal miners. Besides about fifteen oil paintings he is also exhibiting etchings and drawings on similar themes.

THEATRE DESIGNS: Audrey Cruddas adjusts an elaborate stage costume. Behind her can be seen costume designs for some of the Shakespearean productions at Stratford and the Old Vic.

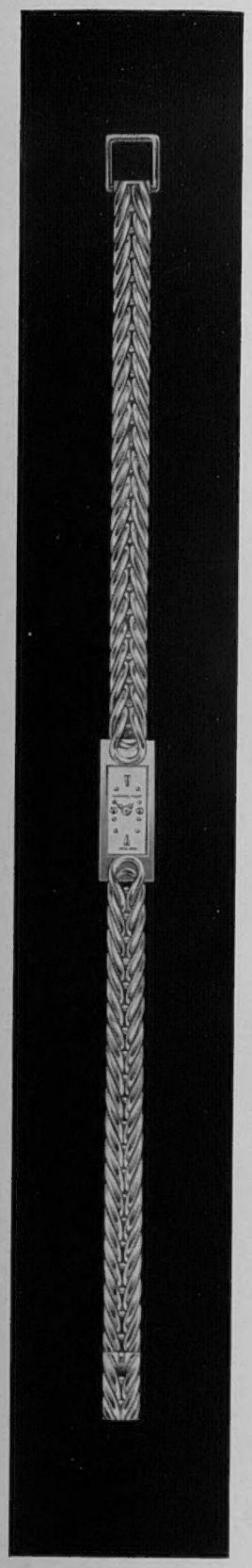
IN CROWN HOUSE: Walter Hoyle looks at some of his paintings which he is exhibiting upstairs. The walls have been stripped to reveal the original Tudor beams.

A great variety of work is being shown by ten artists living in Great Bardfield, in Essex. In the Summer Exhibition, which closes to-morrow (July 20), the painters, engravers, textile and wall-paper designers are opening their houses to the public. Pictures, ranging from a few guineas for a small etching to over a hundred for a large landscape, have been hung on the walls of their studios and in the rooms of the Tudor, Jacobean and Georgian houses.

The Great Bardfield Group started in 1932, when Edward Bawden, and the late Eric Ravilious, settled in the village, where they were soon joined by John Aldridge and Michael Rothenstein. Since the last exhibition in 1955, several members of the group have acquired new houses, and a talented artist, Sheila Robinson, has come to the village. A guest artist, this year, is Laurence Scarfe. Crown House, the new home of George Chapman, was once an inn. The sitting-room has been redecorated with old ships' figureheads, which the artist found lying derelict on a piece of waste ground in South Wales. Edward Bawden, who is largely responsible for the present popularity of English wallpapers, has lived since 1932 at Brick House, an elegant Georgian building in the High Street.

Filled with a collection of Victoriana, Bristol glass lamps, woolwork flowers and a scrapwork screen, is an Elizabethan house, called The Place, in which John Aldridge lives. Against a background of traditional village architecture can be seen the work of some of the most interesting of contemporary British artists.

PREPARING FOR THE EXHIBITION: In his workshop Michael Rothenstein pulls a colour print. On the walls are gouaches, based on eroded rocks at Beg Meil, Brittany. *On right*—At work in his home is Edward Bawden, who is showing watercolours of Cornwall.

Time  *...to admire*

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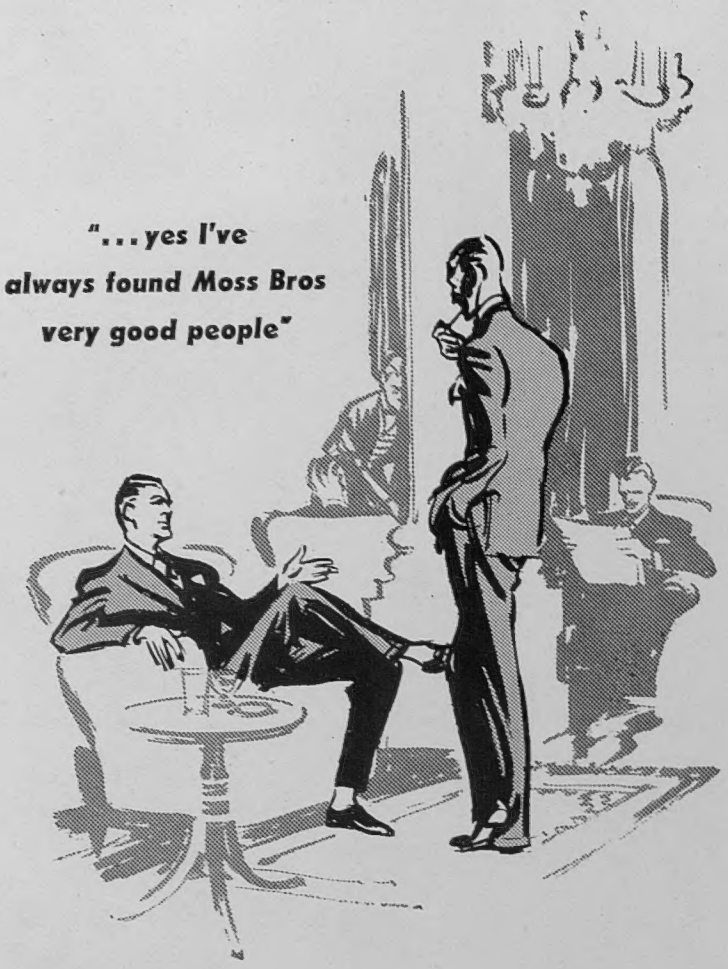

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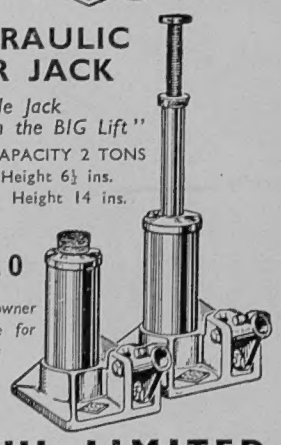

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ALL QUIET ON THE SHORE: The catch has been brought in and with the ebbing tide the boats are left high and dry on the shore. Along this stretch of coast the tide recedes a good distance from the high-water mark.

BRINGING IN THE COCKLES—ACTIVITY ON THE BEACH AT LEIGH-ON-SEA, IN ESSEX: The cocklemen are carrying wicker-baskets from one of the boats (known locally as bawleys) to the quayside sheds at Old Leigh. There, the cockles are boiled before being sent to market. The cockles are raked off the sand-banks in the Thames Estuary and taken to the beach, where they are shovelled from the vessels into baskets. They are then roughly washed with a few buckets of water before the boiling stage in the sheds. When the tide is out the returning boats often have to negotiate narrow channels through the mudbanks. Leigh's cockle-sheds are still a familiar sight along the coast, and visitors staying in the neighbourhood of Southend often make a special journey to see them. It is also possible to buy cockles and other small shellfish for eating on the spot from stalls in the vicinity.

COCKLES AT LEIGH

A Familiar Sight on the Beach at the Mouth of the Thames

BEHIND THE LEIGH COCKLE-SHEDS: After the extraction of the cockles, the empty shells are left in heaps along the beach. They will later be transported to factories for use in by-products, such as the manufacture of buttons.

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

MORE DISCOVERIES.—In a recent article I described some of our fresh discoveries in quest of good hotels, and this week they range from the wild, rugged coast of Donegal to the edge of Dartmoor. By the time this article appears in print, we hope to have covered Scotland, too. Now for this week's bag of tricks!

Our first discovery is the *Rosapenna Hotel, Co. Donegal,* for not only is this one of the finest hotels in Ireland, but in location, climate, sport and recreational facilities it stands alone.

Built originally by the fourth Earl of Leitrim, it was Mr. H. M. S. Catherwood who developed its present country-house characteristics and had the foresight to buy the surrounding land; thus the natural charm of the surroundings cannot be desecrated.

Within sight of the hotel is everything for holiday enjoyment. A championship 18-hole golf course, croquet, deck tennis, grass tennis courts, innumerable silvery sandy beaches with sea of a Mediterranean blue, and a nine-mile Atlantic drive which so impressed us that we covered the circuit three times in one day! For fishermen, Rosapenna provides facilities for salmon, sea-trout and brown trout and sea fishing.

The present directorate have continued to develop the hotel in keeping with modern needs. A comparatively recent innovation is the cocktail lounge, which has been decorated in duck-egg blue. Gradually, many of the suites, bedrooms and bathrooms are being given a similar new look, in pastel shades, all making for lightness without destroying Rosapenna's country-house characteristics.

The management is now in the capable hands of Mr. E. Bernard, and we can fully endorse the criss-cross of conversation we overheard that the catering was absolutely first class, that there was a true understanding of the serving of wine and the bedroom service could not be bettered. Our summing up of this dream spot is that a holiday at Rosapenna is like stepping out of this world into a state of carefree delirium.

Anyone vexed with the problem of family holidays should note that four fully-equipped flats are available in the grounds, each self-contained, holding five to six persons in comfort, and the rent includes domestic service, linen, heating and all the amenities of the hotel. Further, if you are air-minded and want to travel in your own or charter plane, there is a licensed landing-ground on the beach, a few minutes' stroll.

For our next discovery we go to Wiltshire—*The Lopes Arms* at *Westbury.* To railway travellers Westbury is only known as a junction and that point where they look out of the carriage window to view the famous landmark cut out of the chalk downs, The White Horse. However, for motorists there is now an additional interest in this once Saxon hamlet, for at The Lopes Arms Mr. and Mrs. David Higgins, after seven years in Virginia, U.S.A., are blending the best of the Old and the New Worlds.

Wisely Mr. and Mrs. Higgins concentrate on traditional English fare, and what scope they have in this fertile pastoral area from which much of the best bacon, cheese, butter and cream emanates.

On the New World side Mr. Higgins, when actively engaged in America as Jaguar and B.M.C. distributor, noted the detailed personal touches that American hoteliers foster and, thus, in the well-decorated six bedrooms of The Lopes Arms, you will find such thoughtful touches as cleaning tissues and a needle and thread, while if you hail from across "the herring pond," iced water is on the table before you ask for it!

Our next discovery took us to Devon, where, a quarter of a mile off the main Ashburton/Princetown Road we came across the *Holne Chase Hotel.* The River Dart has carved out for itself a most picturesque passage on its way to the sea and one of the loveliest stretches is at the foot of Dartmoor, near Holne Bridge.

Just above the bridge, and approached by a mile-long drive, stands this white-gabled hotel with views extending down the valley to the river. A true country house, Holne Chase has been under the ownership of Mrs. Eileen Dagger for a number of years, and her individual touches and good taste are expressed throughout.

Many of the front bedrooms have french windows, so that you can enjoy the more the view from your bed and, for those who love the country in winter, there is central heating throughout and electric and open fires.

Ashburton is such a well-known gateway to Dartmoor that there is hardly need to emphasise the scope this district provides for walking and motoring, but for fishermen we would stress that two miles of salmon and trout water reserved for the hotel commences within sight of the house.

We can, from personal experience, vouch for the quality of the food and the comfort and warmth of the hotel. Indeed, they are the points on which the reputation of Holne Chase has been built up over the years.

Good hotel accommodation in the historic Surrey town of Guildford is limited, but if you are content with a small private hotel where the owners give very personal attention to comfort, provide good English cooking and maintain high standards of cleanliness and decoration, then here is your "quarry."

Situated off Great Quarry, a turning off the Guildford/Horsham road, the *Quarry Edge Hotel* is only five minutes' walk from the High Street, and yet the countryside is almost at the garden gate, for there are beautiful views from the windows, and the River Wey, with boating and coarse fishing, lies just below.

Opened by Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Harley in 1949, they are as enthusiastic about their hotel as they were then. An admirable spot, to our way of thinking, for those wishing to be within easy reach of London, for house-hunters, and particularly for those overseas visitors who want comfortable headquarters in a modest, well-run hotel.

BOURNEMOUTH. CARLTON HOTEL
Patronised by Royalty. Situated on the East Cliff and facing full south, enjoying both sunshine and sea views. 150 bedrooms and suites. Lifts. Central heating. Excellent garage facilities. A.A.***** Tel.: 6560.

BOURNEMOUTH. LINDEN HALL HOTEL
"The jolliest, happiest, holiday hotel in Britain irrespective of weather." A popular verdict and no wonder! A superb indoor heated swimming-pool and Squash Courts (resident instructors). Ballroom, Bridge, Billiards, Tennis, modernised bedrooms and those magnets of attraction, good fare and cellar. Tel.: Boscombe 33533.

BATH, Somerset. LANSDOWN GROVE HOTEL
Standing in beautiful grounds. Every comfort. Good food and fine wines. Cocktail Bar and Grill Room. Week-end dancing. Tel.: 5891.

DULVERTON, Somerset. WOODCOTE HOTEL
Facing South, near Exmoor. Ideal for rest, recuperation, touring by car. Own trout fishing for guests. Club Licence. Tel.: 129.

JERSEY, Channel Islands. OMMAROO HOTEL
25 yards from sea and a few minutes' walk from town. Special terms for winter residents. Renowned for comfort, service and cuisine. Tel.: Central 93.

KESWICK, Lake District. KESWICK HOTEL
All lakes and mountains easily accessible by car or coach. Swiss cuisine and service. A.A. Four-star and internationally famous. Tel.: 20.

LONDON, N.W.4. HENDON HALL
First-class, 20 mins. West End. Excellent cuisine; fully licensed. Phone all rooms; suites. Hard tennis, Putting, Billiards, Swimming-Pool. Adjoins Golf Club. Sunnyhill 3341.

LLANDUDNO, N. Wales. ST. GEORGES HOTEL
For a memorable holiday. First on sea-front for cuisine and entertainment. Free Golf. Ballroom. Cocktail Lounge. Ideal motoring centre. Tel.: 7873.

LYTHAM, Lancashire. CLIFTON ARMS
Visiting Lancashire—and would appreciate a private bathroom, excellent cuisine and service plus a quiet healthy sea aspect? Then this is the hotel to make for. Tel.: Lytham 6245.

LYME REGIS, Dorset. THE BAY HOTEL
Sun, seascape, shining cleanliness and honest fare are the attributes of this personally conducted hotel on the level. Open all year. Tel.: 59.

CHESTER or MERSEYSIDE. Visiting either on business or pleasure, please note
CRAXTON WOOD HOTEL and CLUB
(on Chester/Hoylake road) for luxurious comfort and country contentment. Tel.: Hooton 3111.

PENZANCE, Cornwall. QUEEN'S HOTEL
Facing sea and the south, for holiday or residence at any time of the year. 65 bedrooms. Lift. Generous fare. TV. Cocktail Lounge. Excellent train service. Good centre. Tel.: 2371.

ST. IVES, CORNWALL. ST. IVES BAY HOTEL
(52 bedrooms, some with private bath) occupies commanding position overlooking sea and sands. Dancing, tennis, garage. Children very welcome.

SHERBORNE, DORSET. DIGBY HOTEL
THE social base for all Shirburnian occasions. A "half-way" house East/West and North/South. Around a fascinating countryside. Tel.: 23.

WEYBRIDGE, SURREY. OATLANDS PARK HOTEL
One of Britain's best-run country Hotels, only 30 mins. from London's West End. Own Swimming-pool, Sporting Golf course, Tennis, Squash, Bowls, Billiards, Dancing—all free to residents. 60 acres of grounds. 150 rooms (many with private bath). Self-contained suites. Moderate inclusive terms. Brochure. Weybridge 4242.

WEYMOUTH, Dorset. GLOUCESTER HOTEL
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NR. OXFORD, WESTON-ON-THE-GREEN. WESTON MANOR HOTEL
Mrs. M. L. Sears is now resident owner of this historic hotel. C.H. throughout. Private bathrooms. Squash court. Week-end dance. Haute cuisine. Licensed. 9 miles Oxford. Tel.: Bletchington 60.

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Write to Mr. and Mrs. O. R. Paul.
THE GRAND HOTEL, TORQUAY
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Eilean Donan Castle, standing at the foot of Loch Duich, with Loch Alsh and the Mountains of Skye in the distance.

DEWAR'S

IS THE SCOTCH

— it never varies